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S. L. Varnado on
E FRITZ & GERRY
COMEDY HOUR
—See page 29

OCTOBER 19, 1984

NATIONAL REVIEW

THE CLASS OF 1941

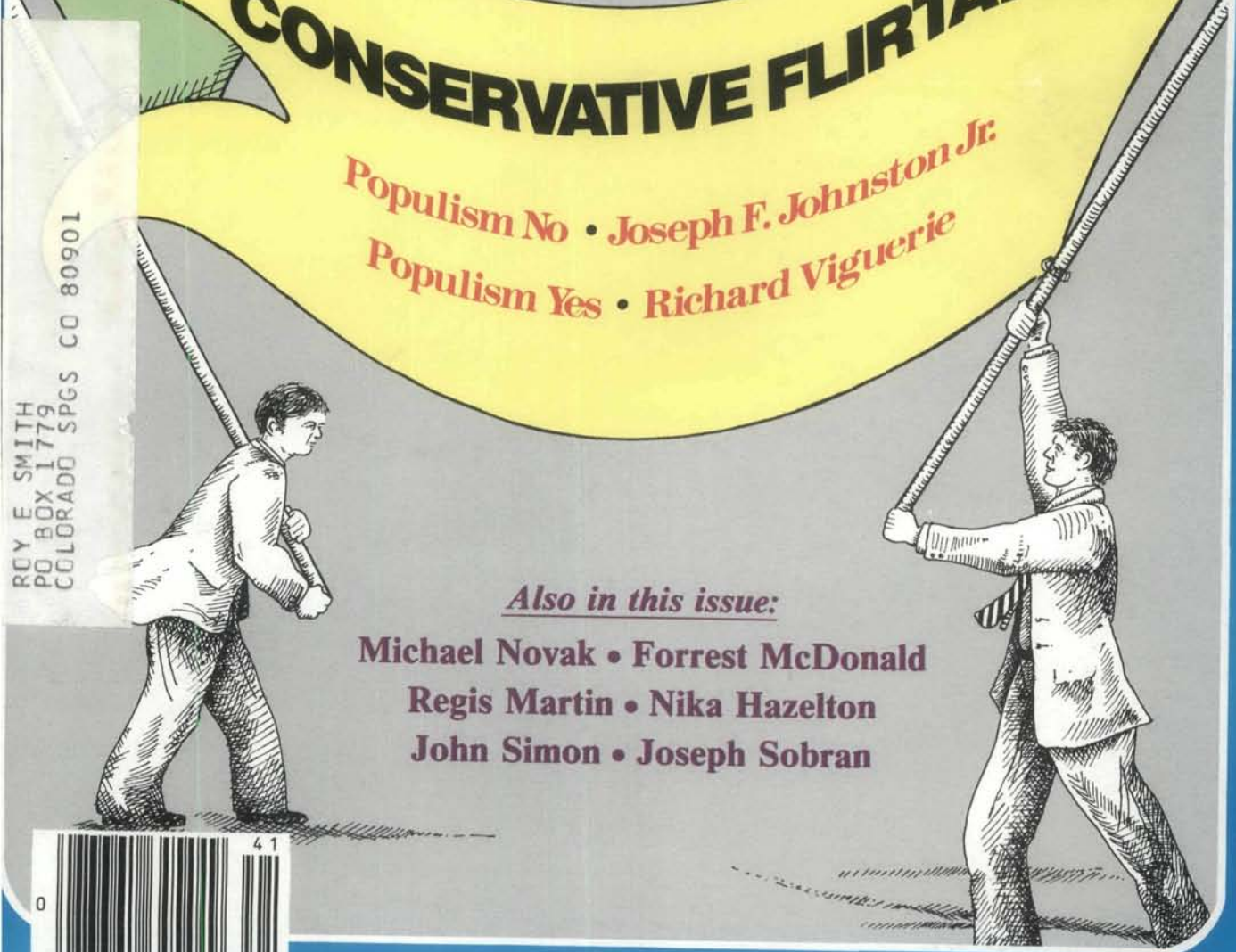
Farewell to Isolationism

John P. Roche

CONSERVATIVE FLIRTATION

Populism No • Joseph F. Johnston Jr.

Populism Yes • Richard Viguerie



Also in this issue:

Michael Novak • Forrest McDonald
Regis Martin • Nika Hazelton
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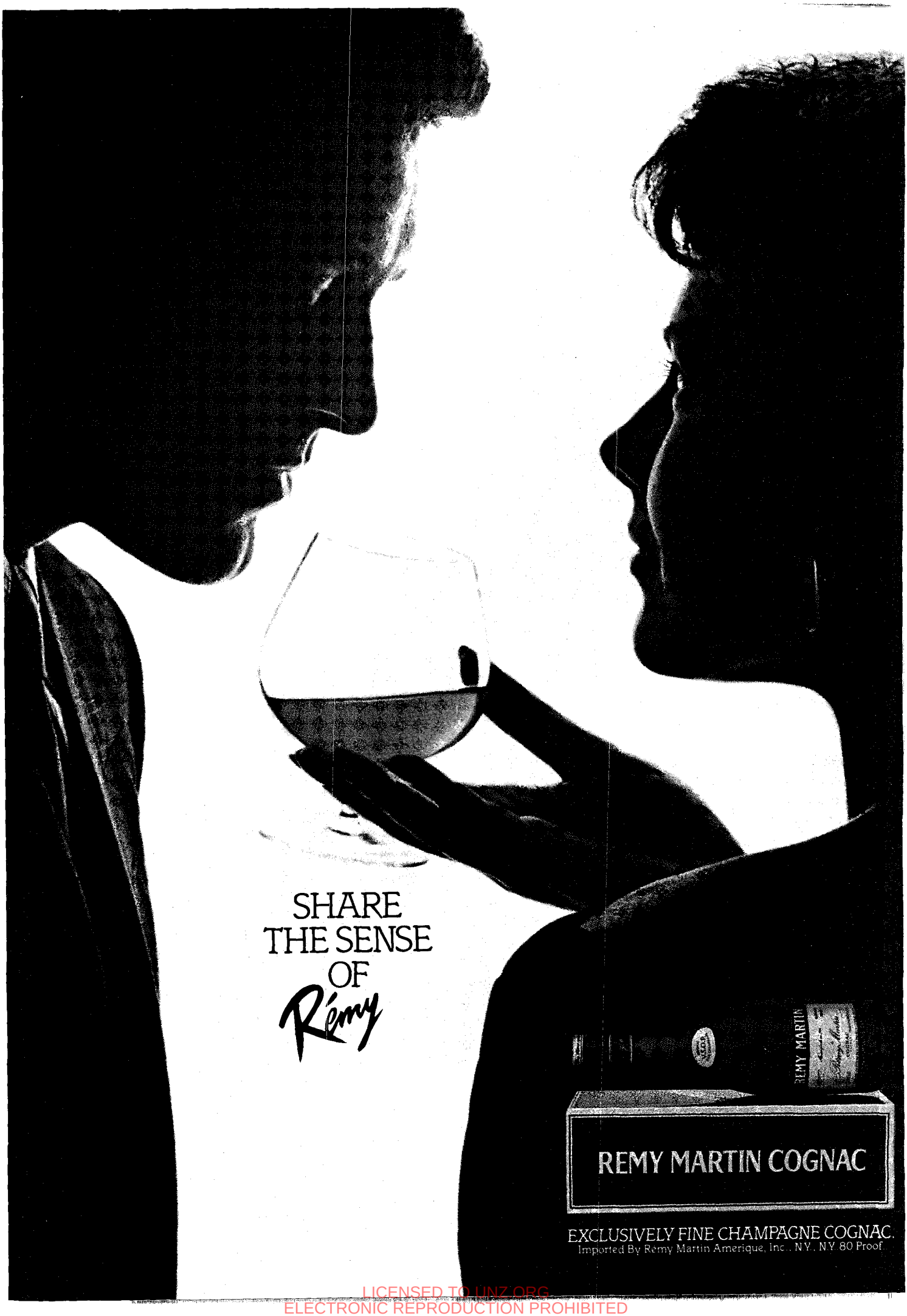

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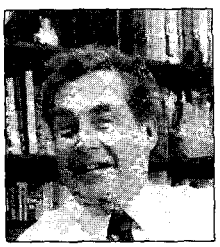
OCTOBER 19, 1984
VOL. XXXVI, NO. 20

NATIONAL REVIEW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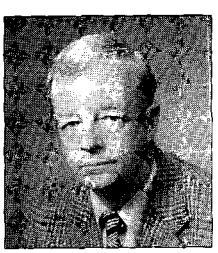
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Historically, populism was dominated by demagogy, racism, anti-Semitism, conspiracy theories, and quack economics. Conservatives ought to avoid even echoing this sorry movement from our national past.
Joseph F. Johnston Jr.

42 A Populist, and Proud of It
Not everything that passed as populist was malign. Many populists in fact welcomed racial harmony and opposed the manipulation of monetary policy to benefit the big financial interests. In its central impulses, the populist movement remains an honorable model for conservative action.
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You may remember how liberals howled when NATIONAL REVIEW sassed the Pope two decades ago. Well, look at them now.
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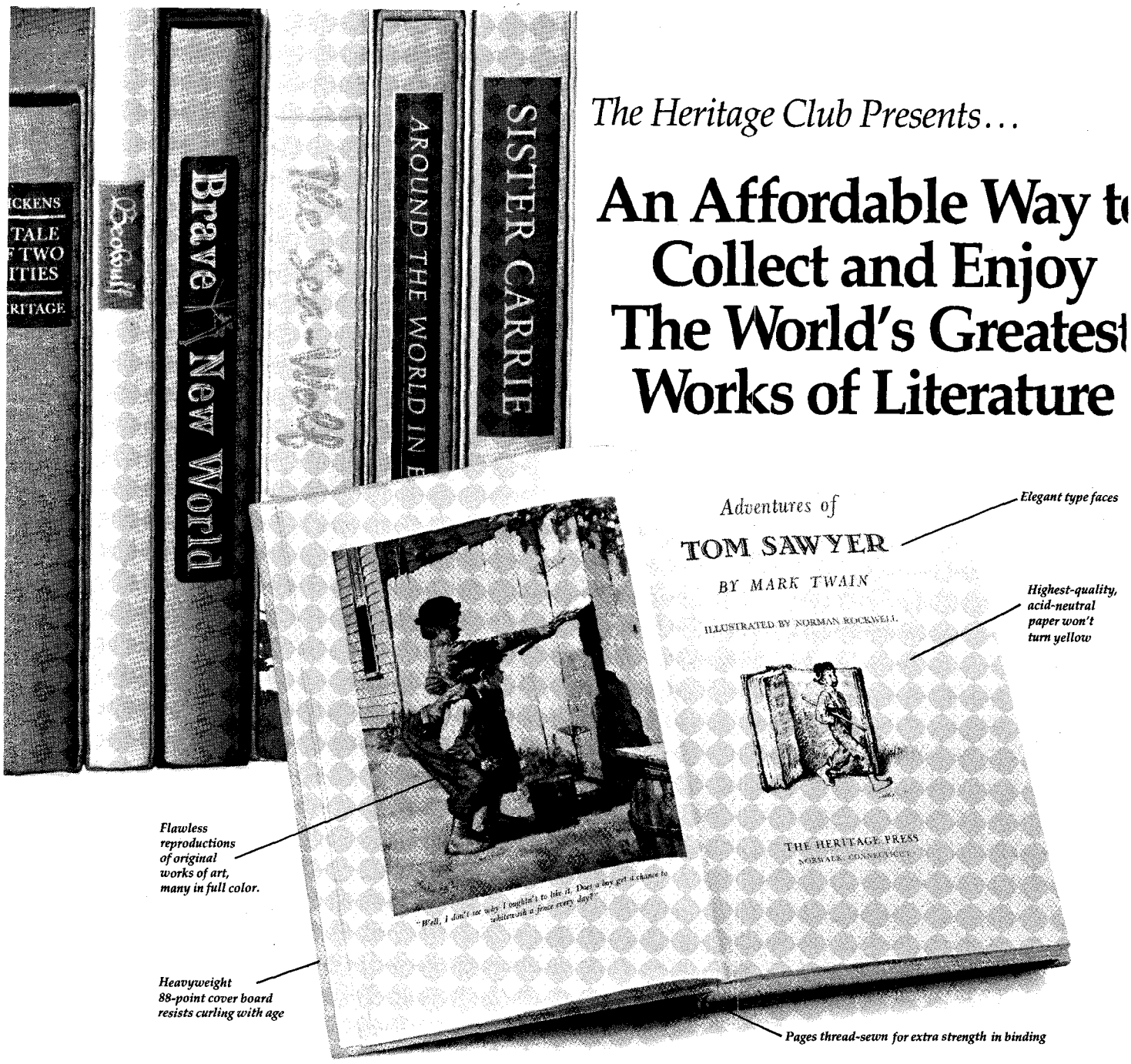
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of All Flesh...or having Isaac Asimov set the stage for *Journey to the Center of the Earth.*

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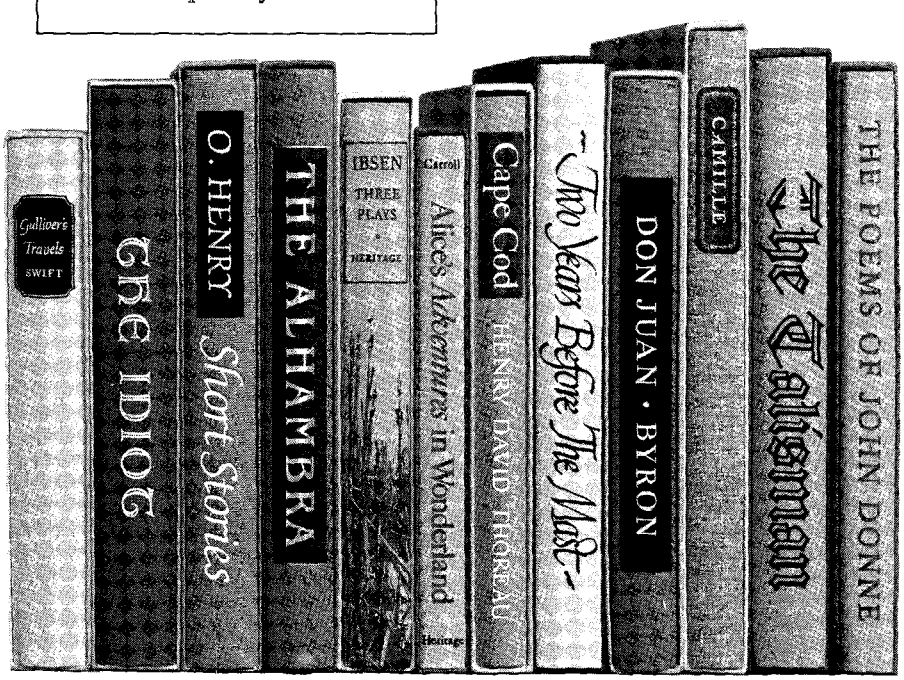

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LETTERS

Wanted: Ambiguity

Nice article by B. Bruce-Briggs ["A Catechism of Strategic Defense," Oct. 5]! A piece like that defogs the mind. But why did he stop just short of addressing the *moral* value of strategic defense? True, a defense that hurts nobody while saving lives is intrinsically preferable to any other kind. But when combined with a nuclear offense, it takes on a more ambiguous character, even if you agree (as I do) that it's infinitely better that the U.S. should have it than the USSR. Do we really want *anyone* to have a first-strike capability again?

Andrew Pine
New York, N.Y.

Conscience of a Conservator

Re your comments on the Ferraro-Zaccaro finances ["Nemesis," "The Week," Sept. 21], although I am personally opposed to the surreptitious borrowing of funds for personal use from the estates of mentally incompetent widows, I do not wish to impose my views on Mrs. Ferraro.

Vincent Benedict Jr.
Ardmore, Pa.

The Devil's Due

In his review of *Improper Conduct* [Sept. 7] John Simon criticizes the film for ignoring the "undeniable accomplishments" of the Cuban revolution. "Castro's evil," writes Simon, should have been "shown in the context of his positive achievements."

Would Mr. Simon fault a film on the Nazi persecution of the Jews (or homosexuals) because it did not put Hitler's evil in the context of *his* positive achievements—i.e., the eradication of unemployment, the curtailment of inflation, and the stabilization of the Reichsmark?

There is nothing wrong with giving the devil his due: Milton did, and *Paradise Lost* is the better for it. But to accord a similar consideration to Castro requires more than creativity, it demands deceit. Fidel Castro has not fed the hungry, clothed the naked, or taught the illiterate to read. And if he had, it would have been no great feat, for in the Cuba he inherited in 1959, the hungry, the naked, and the illiterate were an infinitesimal minority.

Pre-revolutionary Cuba was not a "cesspool of inequity." Before the revolution, Cubans enjoyed the highest standard of living of any people in Latin America—a standard of living that was the equal and in many regards the superior of that of many European countries.

If Simon doubts this, let him consult the U.S. *Statistical Yearbook* for any year in the Fifties. Or if Simon finds that book ideologically objectionable, perhaps the UN *Statistical Abstract* for the same period would be more acceptable. Let him contrast the data in these books with that in any of their editions published after 1959. He will find that on every quantifiable index of social achievement, pre-Castro Cuba leads the Cuba of the 1980s.

Manuel A. Tellechea
Union City, N.J.

Support for the Resistance

Twice now you have mentioned the excellent work done by Resistance International, most recently in the September 21 issue ["The Week"], without including an address to which offers of help could be sent. I'm sure many readers share my frustration at not knowing how to join in such a laudable effort.

Could you remedy the oversight?

Terry Deem
Denver, Colo.

The address is: Resistance International, 102 avenue des Champs-Elysées, 75008 Paris, France. —LW

A Dying Spring

Bravo to Thomas Molnar for "The Calvary of the Emigré Writer" [Sept. 21]. If this indeed has not been his own fate, then he must have observed it very closely to write about it so movingly.

I was curiously reminded of Vladimir Nabokov's postscript to his Russian translation of *Lolita*—Nabokov, who was so successful, and who spoke with such assurance (some even said arrogance) in his lectures and his published comments on Russian literature. In this postscript he wrote (if you will forgive my halting translation): ". . . To the American reader I so passionately insist on the superiority of my Russian style over my English style, that another Slavist might think that my translation of *Lolita* was a hundred times better than the original. I myself only feel sick now at the tinkling of my rusty Russian strings. The history

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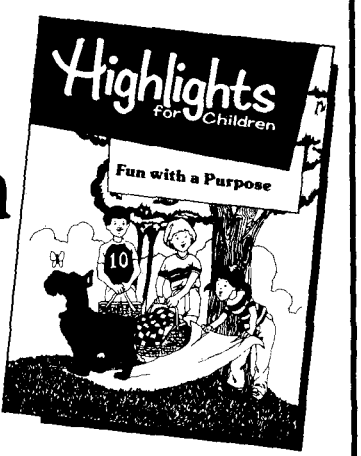

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of this translation is a history of disillusionment. Alas, that 'marvelous Russian language,' which, by my account, is all waiting, mine, somewhere, blooming, like an immutable spring, behind tightly locked gates, to which for so many years I had kept the key, proved to be disappearing; and behind the gates there is nothing, except charred tree stumps and autumnal hopeless distance, and the key in my hand is not my own but a master key."

Bob Tilliard
Mount Auburn, Mass.

Courtly Moves

In his recital of likely Court appointments ["Reagan's Court," Sept. 7], John McLaughlin neglected to mention one individual whom many of us believe is a likely and well-qualified choice for the High Court, Notre Dame Constitutional Law Professor Charles E. Rice. Professor Rice—perhaps more than any other possible Supreme Court nominee—understands the dual federalist nature, the natural-rights underpinnings, and the limited-government emphasis of our Constitution and seeks to restrain our federal oligarchs' activist propensities.

Jonathan W. Emord
Gifford, Ill.

John McLaughlin's column on potential nominees to the Supreme Court in a Reagan second term brings up the old dilemma—was it Dante who voiced it thus?—"If I go, who stays? If I stay, who goes?" While a real reconstruction of the Supreme Court would of course lessen the damage that any lower court could do, one would be loath in the interim to denude key lower courts of their best people. This, if you'll recall, was the one consolation many conservatives found in Robert Bork's not being the first Reagan appointee to the Supreme Court: At least he still remained on the D.C. Court of Appeals. If Bork is eventually elevated to the Supreme Court, as he no doubt should be, let us hope that his current place is filled by someone who will carry on the fight.

Stanley Hillsborough
Washington, D.C.

Flash Frozen

In R. Emmett Tyrrell Jr.'s article "The Freezeniks" [Sept. 7] he accuses Americans of being "chary of using power or of thinking in statesmanlike fashion." He also writes, "In international relations Americans tend toward the sophomoric."

Compared to whom? Everywhere else in the Western world where free people are allowed to demonstrate, they do just that. And it is done with a fanaticism that makes our nation's freezeniks seem like little children protesting to their mothers that they won't eat their spinach. Next time Mr. Tyrrell should focus on where there is not just smoke but fire—Western Europe.

Edward G. Shapiro
Riverdale, N.Y.

What Mr. Tyrrell fails to comprehend are some important tendencies fueling the present-day peace movements. Most significantly: the question of speed, speed as the essence of war technology and technology as the producer of speed.

References to the events of World War II are irrelevant from a technical standpoint to the freezeniks of today. Mr. Tyrrell charges the antiwar groups with denial of the outside world, but this charge applies to *himself* as he denies (or is he ignorant of?) the present-day technological situation. Today there is a reaction time of only a few minutes. To want to de-escalate from this rather unstable and horrific scenario on behalf of the future of the world does not seem to be an act of denial, but just the opposite.

Joseph Nechvatal III
New York, N.Y.

The Worst of It

Citizens for Reagan is indeed having fun with what you described in your "For the Record" column [Sept. 21] as a "fairly typical and lugubrious NBC Nightly News story." That NBC story read, "One of the painful side-effects of high unemployment in many areas was a significant increase in cases of wife beating." But you should have finished the quote. The NBC story continues, "However, the problem of battered women doesn't go away when the economy improves . . . It is always there."

Peter T. Flaherty
Executive Vice President
Citizens for Reagan
Washington, D.C.

Bombs Away

In the matter of President Reagan's aside on the radio about bombing the Russians:

In the fall of 1940, at the height of the Blitz and invasion scare, Prime Minister Winston Churchill visited the camp of the 1st Anti-Aircraft Division of the British Army. He returned to 10 Downing Street with the division's commanding officer, General Sir Frederick Pile.

Upon arriving at Number 10, Churchill banged the door with his walking stick and announced: "Göring and Goebbels coming to report."

This was clearly an inflammatory state-

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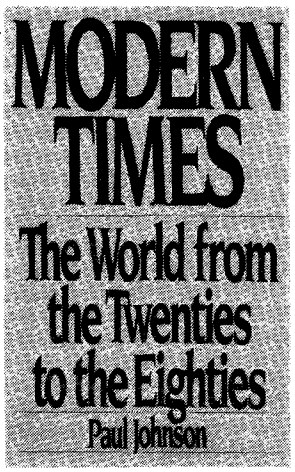

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How do you score on men and events?

Fill in the blanks with the people Paul Johnson is referring to:

"The _____ invasion [of Washington], one visiting statesman observed, was 'like watching the Borgia brothers take over a respectable north Italian town'." (Page 614)

"In the atomic field Soviet agents included Julius and Ethel Rosenberg. Morton Sobell, David Greenglass, Harry Gold, _____ (alias Alexander Stevens), to whom Whittaker Chambers acted as courier, and Jacob Golos, as well as Klaus Fuchs, who had been cleared by British security." (Page 458)

"Yet _____ was not a statist. He said he was against any attempt 'to smuggle fascism into America through the back door'. On many issues he was a liberal....He did not make anti-Semitic jokes, like Woodrow Wilson and his wife or Franklin Roosevelt. To a very wide spectrum of educated American opinion, he was the leading American public man..." (Page 243)

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ment, devastating to British morale and the cause of true freedom. Churchill was of course paranoid about the Nazis, when all he had to do for peace was grovel.

John Hutchinson
Los Angeles, Calif.

Oops!

I can't help wondering whether anyone else detected a minor booboo that appeared in Mr. Toledano's article, "From Gothic to Baroque" [Sept. 7]. I allude to the place where he describes the frequency of today's key of A as 440 cycles per minute. Actually, all alternating-current frequencies, from one cycle to the billions common to some extremely high radio frequencies, are cited in cycles per *second*. The term "cycles per second" has been largely replaced in recent years (say about the last twenty or 25) by "hertz."

If one were to convert 440 cycles per minute into its correct equivalent in hertz by dividing 440 by 60, the result would be 7.3333 hertz. This is not an audio tone at all; rather, it is more like the subsonic rumble one might get from an old phonograph turntable that doesn't run smoothly or quietly. Arising from this, I am reminded of the reaction of one British collector who was told that his turntable had a high level of rumble: "Well, I shall jolly well rumble right back at it!"

George A. Blacker
Cheshire, Conn.

I may be wrong, but your "For the Record" page in the September 7 issue stated that Wilbur Mills was "House Speaker Wilbur Mills." To the best of my recollection, when Mr. Mills was in Congress, he was for many years chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, not the Speaker.

Jack R. Manning
Binghamton, N.Y.

You mention an alliance among Algeria, Tunisia, and Mauritius ["The Week," Sept. 21]. The third country should be Mauritania.

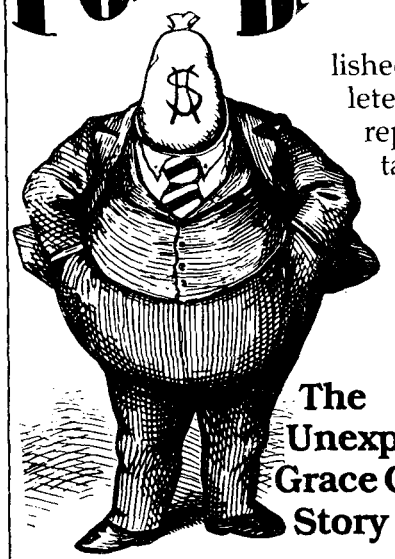
V. Aigledoux
Boulder, Colo.

The resonance of Richard Burton's voice might have been tympanic ["Richard Burton, RIP," "The Week," Sept. 7], but it was like a tympano, not "a" tympani, which latter term, of course, refers to two or more of the former.

Richard L. Hoffman
Chicago, Ill.

All right, already. —LW

PORK BARREL



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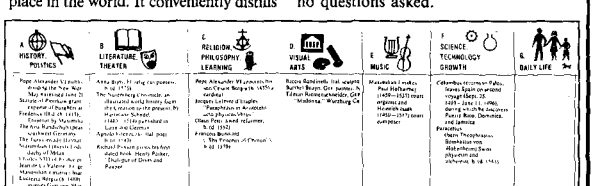
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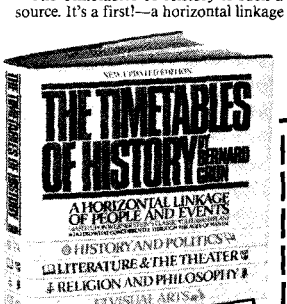

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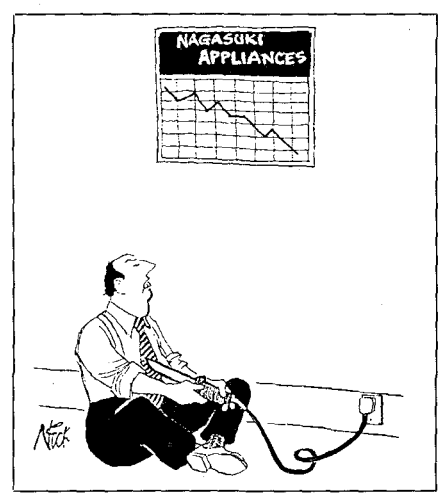
FOR THE RECORD

The figures are coming up so rosy it's hard not to be Pollyannaish. "As of now," says political analyst **Kevin Phillips**, "there's no state in which **Mondale** has a clear edge [over **Reagan**]." Mondale had been ahead in West Virginia, Maryland, Hawaii, Minnesota, and the District of Columbia. Today it's Reagan over Mondale 17 points in West Virginia, 23 in Iowa, seven in Minnesota, eight in Hawaii. Mondale's still ahead in D.C. . . . **Alan Baron**, a regular Democratic commentator with **MacNeil-Lehrer**, puts Mondale's support "at about the level of **Barry Goldwater**'s in 1964 and **George McGovern**'s in 1972." Baron goes on to say that the Democrats have explained away their devastating losses "in 1968, 1972, and 1980 to insurgents (**McCarthy**), independents (**Wallace**, **Anderson**), outsiders (**Carter**), and foreigners (**Ho Chi Minh**, **Ayatollah Khomeini**), but none of this holds this time around. Mondale is 'the quintessential establishment candidate' with support from every element of the party." Baron suggests the Democrats need a new idea. . . . *Washington Post* columnist **Haynes Johnson** says that if it is true that "the 18-to-25 age bracket is 4 or 5 to 1 Republican," then "we are witnessing something more historic this fall than the re-election of another President. We are seeing a changing of the political order." . . . According to **Gallup**, the registration gap between the front-running Democratic Party and the Republican Party has narrowed by eight points since 1980, although the Democrats still lead 42 to 28, independents remaining steady at 30 per cent. . . . As of now, says Reagan campaign director **Ed Rollins**, 29 per cent of registered Democrats would vote for Reagan; he estimates Reagan needs only 25 per cent of the Dems to carry the election. . . . *Washington Post* columnist **David Broder** concluded a column titled "Why Reagan Is Winning" with the comment: "He is winning on low inflation, a rise in real income for the record number of employed, and leadership palpably stronger than that of his recent predecessors. Give him his due, dear liberals, but do not sign any articles of surrender."



Nick, *Punch* / Rothco

Mid-September figures put Reagan between 9 (**Harris**) and thirty (NBC News) points ahead of Mondale, with NBC finding only 4 per cent of the voters still undecided, an amazingly low figure this early in the campaign. Same poll shows 63 per cent of voters think **George Bush** would make a better President than **Geraldine Ferraro**; among Democrats, 59 per cent were happy that Mrs. Ferraro was nominated, but only 40 per cent of them think she would make a better President than Bush. Stranger still, among voters who described themselves as liberals, 44 per cent "feel closer" to Reagan than to Mondale. . . . Mondale's deficit reduction plan, it turns out, didn't play in Peoria. An ABC/*Washington Post* poll following the speech shows that 75 per cent of the people think Reagan's predecessors were responsible for the deficit; 50 per cent put the blame on Congress. . . . It wasn't exactly a shot in the arm to Mondale campaign when **Gary Hart** said on Cable News Network that if he had been the candidate he'd be leading Reagan in 12 states by now.

What about the coattail factor? Republican House Minority Leader **Robert Michel** (Ill.) feels his next couple of years may be much, much easier. He is talking these days of a Republican takeover of thirty to forty House seats, to which Rep. **Tony Coelho**, Democratic Campaign Committee chairman, replies, "Nonsense." Kevin Phillips, who is always cautious in his predictions, now thinks the Republicans may score a ten- to 15-seat gain in the House, up from a projected 6 to 8 seats two weeks earlier. . . . It's fairly certain that the crushing Reagan-Bush lead over M & F in Iowa has played its part in the turnaround in the Iowa Senate race, where incumbent Republican **Roger Jepsen**, who was trailing Rep. **Tom Harkin** by 17 points in May, now leads him by nine points, 50 to 41 per cent. That was a seat the Democrats had high hopes of winning. . . . In Mississippi Sen. **Thad Cochran** is actually running ahead of Reagan in his battle against former Gov. **William Winter** because, according to *Human Events*, Cochran has 25 per cent of the black vote. . . . The big excitement of the fortnight was **Ray Shamie**'s Frank Merriwell finish in the Massachusetts Republican senatorial primary, coming in 2 to 1 over the Republican establishment candidate **Elliot Richardson**. It was quite a performance. Richardson had endorsement of 28 Republican senators, and **Jerry Ford** came to town to speak for him. Kevin Phillips says this race "is impossible to call." Shamie now goes up against Lt. Gov. **John Kerry**, who headed an antiwar Vietnam veterans group in the Seventies. . . . In North Carolina, the latest polls have **Jesse Helms** back in the lead, but by a very few points, over Gov. **Jim Hunt**. . . . And in West Virginia, Democrat **Jay Rockefeller** has extended his lead over **John Raese** to 16 points.

Former California Gov. **Jerry Brown** is anxious to campaign for any Democrat who wants him, but from the South he's getting few bids. Commented one Southern political leader: "Mr. Brown would be about as popular as a horsefly in grits." So much for Gov. Medfly.

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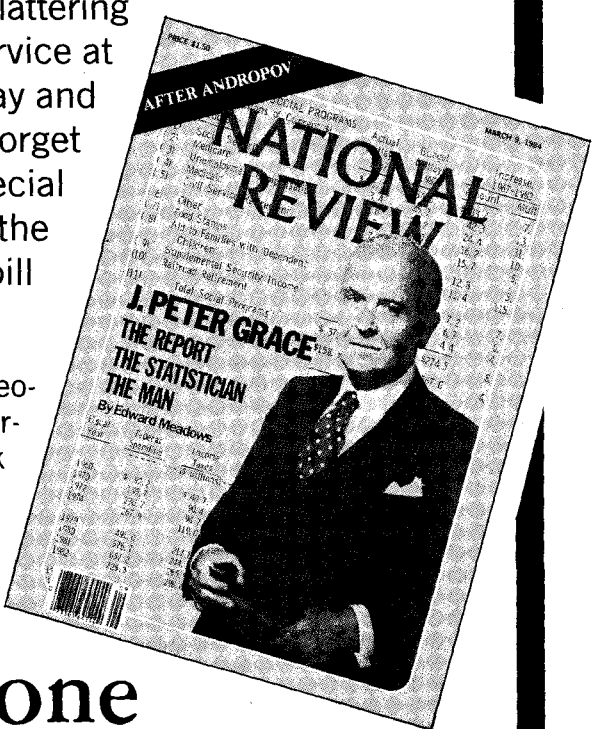

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THE WEEK

☐ We don't want to be too snide about the President's speech to the UN, but Walter Mondale accused Mr. Reagan of stealing his ideas, and we think that says it all.

☐ Mr. Mondale's well-fudged $177-billion-deficit reduction plan has been given another blow by Messrs. Charles Kadlec and Arthur Laffer in the *Wall Street Journal*. Unfair! They compared it with Mr. Mondale's previous $127-billion-deficit reduction plan, released last January. Where does the extra $50 billion in deficit reduction come from? From fudge, of course. "Better management." Reduction of rate of increase of domestic spending programs, notwithstanding promises to increase spending for all known human aggregates. De-indexing indexing from 2 per cent to 4 per cent on incomes of more than $25,000. "Freezing," i.e., doing away with, scheduled tax cuts. Closing anonymous loopholes. All of which reduces the deficit by a grand total of $2 billion. But alleged "interest savings" have been jacked up from $20 billion to $51 billion, possibly reflecting higher short-term interest rates since January—well, higher rates will cost less, see, because higher taxes will stimulate the economy, see, so the plan will work, so the deficit will be reduced, and interest rates will come down again, producing, oh, 250 per cent as much interest savings as projected in January, which will stimulate the economy to reduce federal borrowing, to reduce interest rates, to stimulate the economy, and we are going to throw up. Around we go, and, oh yes, more savings from "improved compliance" with the tax hikes that are supposedly stimulating the economy because everybody loves to pay more taxes and stimulate the economy. All that emerges from this madhouse is that Mr. Mondale wants more taxes, more and more taxes, more and more and more . . .

☐ Ed ("Sleaze Factor") Meese has been officially cleared of wrongdoing, which means that the media are going to have to grant him the presumption of innocence, pending Howard Metzenbaum's next afflatus. Meanwhile, those same media are showing mercy galore to Gerry Ferraro and her husband, despite strong indications of real wrongdoing (e.g., perjury). One fashionable line is that John and Gerry are being discriminated against because they're Italian. "If his name were Jones," one New York columnist remarks, "there wouldn't be this innuendo." Bologna. What if his name were Meese?

☐ The results of the Massachusetts Senate Republican primary (see also "The State of the Bay State," *NR*, Sept. 21) were a shocker: Ray Shamie, conservative self-made businessman and political yearling, had defeated Elliot Richardson, the Washington establishment made flesh, by a margin of nearly 2 to 1. The last remaining redoubt of liberal Republicanism hauled down the flag. The repudiation of Richardson was stylistic as well as ideological. One of the distinguishing marks of the "moderate" Republican is his belief that, "In their hearts, they know I'm wrong." Moderate Republicans, having internalized the presumptions of liberal Democrats, see themselves as purveyors of bad medicine. How could anyone like them? Hence, the fudging, the temporizing, the clouds of me-too rhetoric. Richardson, who said in 1976 that Ronald Reagan's ideas would not survive ten minutes of consecutive thought, this year renounced his own party's platform. None of this oatmeal for Shamie. "Mr. President," he said in his victory speech, "come to Boston. If [you] can't make it, maybe I'd better ask for the next best thing: Walter Mondale, will you come to Massachusetts?"

☐ The Sierra Club has broken with its 92-year tradition by endorsing a political candidate. The candidate is Walter Mondale, which suggests the wisdom of the tradition. Moreover, the endorsement came at a time

Some of These Days

Argentina, which owes billions,
And, to date, agrees to pay
Interest owed to Yankee bankers,
Will, some Monday morning, say,
"You can take this debt and shove it,"
And believe me, when they do,
There'll be stomach cramps at Citi,
Chase, and Manny Hanny, too.

W. H. von Dreele

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

THE MOOD in the Democratic cloakrooms is lower today than during the lowest days of the McGovern campaign, we are advised. Freshmen and Southern Democrats are particularly demoralized. "They're petrified at what's happening," notes a savvy Hill insider, referring to the impact of the presidential race on their own. "The danger signals are all over the place." In the Oklahoma district of Democratic Representative Jim Jones, chairman of the House Budget Committee, for example, Mondale is behind Reagan by more than fifty points. "Can any swimmer be strong enough to withstand that undertow?" nervously asks a Democratic House aide.

The narrowing of the polling gap between "Democrats" and "Republicans"—as identifying labels of how people perceive themselves—is a particularly vivid horror for Democrats. The gap is closing at a rate almost beyond belief, and not just Republican pollsters are reporting this, but Democrats as well. When you ask people the question, "Generally speaking, what do you consider yourself, a Democrat or a Republican?" the gap of 26 points favoring Democrats six months ago has shrunk, according to the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee, to an incredible five points. Democratic pollsters have the gap at ten points, but all are unanimous in saying that it is the tightest margin in many, many years.

The pincer that is closing the Democratic/Republican gap is, on one arm, young people under thirty. Reagan leads Mondale 2 to 1 among 18-to-25-year-olds. On the second arm are white middle-class males, the other side of the gender-gap coin. "Neither Mondale nor the Democratic Party is doing anything to relieve the gender problem," observes a Democratic lobbyist who vacuums the Hill daily for political scoops, "and the election is now turning on race and sex." If that's the case, Mondale is a sure goner, having chosen the smaller race, and losing even with his more numerous gender.

So, after the moaning and hand-wringing, a lot of the bar talk these days focuses on the post-Mondale era and the problems that will beset the Democrats come November. Their vexations are more immediate, if not more formidable, than those of the Republicans. The first thing that has to be decided is who will take over the Democratic National Committee, a matter of singular unimportance except for one thing: Whoever is the new chairman gets to select the commission that makes the rules for 1988. "So the question is whether they're going to bring back those cockamamie quotas or whether they'll write some rules that will let them elect a President," notes the lobbyist with some derision. In other words, will the Democrats go back to what they did in 1972 and choose a widely experienced operative like Bob Strauss? Or will they let the extremists take over again?

Both parties have an abundance of presidential talent in the pipeline for 1988, and that helps relieve the Democrats of the extremes of realignment speculation that is now rampant on Capitol Hill. On the Republican side, Jack Kemp continues to mesmerize many as the clear winner at the 1984 Republican Convention, and a plausible alternative to George Bush, meaning that Kemp is the best draw outside of the Vice President (and Mr. Reagan) on the circuit. "Jack can be choosy in what he does, whom he sees, and how he commits himself," notes a Republican senator close to Kemp. "Right now, in fact, he's hotter than Bush. He's in the catbird seat."

Kemp has a problem though, albeit minor (maybe). He's not a good listener. "Jack will go into a room," notes the same GOP senator, "and, regardless of who's there, he wants to do all the talking. People senior to him find it tough to deal with second-fiddle status. Jack's not deferential." But out around the country he's got lots of fans. (See "1988, Part I," p. 19.)

—CATO

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when it is bound to hurt the Sierra Club far more than it helps Mondale, which further suggests that the environmentalists are really out of their tree.

☐ Some of the thrones and dominions of the New Right have announced their intention of supporting the Libertarian candidate for Senate in Illinois, not because they have been reading the works of Murray Rothbard, but because they hope thereby to defeat the Republican incumbent, Charles Percy. Granted, Percy is a liberal Republican; Percy's chairmanship of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee has not been wholly satisfactory (one of the New Right's motives is that if Percy loses, the chairmanship would pass to Jesse Helms, though Helms—himself in trouble—has said he would not take it); it is good to smite liberal Republicans whenever they open a salient. The essential point about Percy is that he represents no salient. The days when he dreamed of the Presidency are long past; the GOP is in no danger of going in his direction. He is not a threat, at worst a clot. Set beside this the practical justifications for tolerating him now. If Percy loses, his seat will not go to the Libertarian, but to Paul Simon, a 100 per cent liberal Democrat. If Percy is the marginal Republican, Reagan's foreign policy will be at the mercy of a Senate run by liberal Democrats. Jesse Helms will not be chairman of anything.

☐ The first reports on the settlement between General Motors and the United Auto Workers suggest that it is reasonable, although it should be noted that both sides have an interest in conveying that impression no matter what the settlement is really like. Apparently the UAW dropped its more exotic demands for "job security" (see "The UAW *v.* Floppy Disks, *NR*, Oct. 5). It concentrates the mind wonderfully, of course, to know that a million Japanese imports are hovering offshore, ready to flood in if the Reagan Administration decides it's time to end a strike.

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☐ In normal circumstances, a meeting between the President of the United States and the Soviet Foreign Minister would not properly be termed a summit meeting. But there is considerable evidence that Gromyko has become *primus inter pares* of the Politburo (see "The Power behind the Throne," *NR*, Oct. 5). Chernenko is an ailing figurehead, making Gromyko for all practical purposes the highest functioning official in the Soviet Union. Against all odds, Reagan has managed to meet with the leader of the Soviet Union only a few weeks before the election. Why in the name of Karl Marx, a Gromyko visit to the heartland of capitalism itself? Gromyko surely did not want to do Reagan an election-year favor, and he probably had no illusions about winning any concessions from a man whose re-election is virtually certain and who has shown no signs of weakness vis-à-vis the Soviet Union for four years. The most plausible explanation is that the Soviet Union respects strength. When the Soviets finally came to realize that blandishments, threats, pouting, temper tantrums, and departures from Geneva were not going to extract either fear or sympathy from the President, they decided the time had come to begin talking with him seriously. The great stone face Andrei Gromyko has finally met his match.

☐ The Contadora nations urge all sides in troubled Central America to put down their arms and come to the negotiating table. Only then, they say, will peace return to the area. But that's not the way the Soviets see it. Yuri N. Korolev, writing in *Latinskaya Amerika*, the Soviet journal devoted to Latin American affairs, rules out any such compromise solution. "Any serious, principled concessions are impossible in El Salvador or in Guatemala," he writes. "Any retreat will have a mobilizing impact on the counter-revolution, which, with even greater fervor, will throw itself into tearing revolutionaries to pieces. . . . Neither in El Salvador nor in Guatemala nor in Nicaragua is there a 'common ground' between revolution and counter-revolution for seeking some kind of joint platform." What Comrade Korolev means is the revolution in Central America won't be won until every democratic regime in the area is plowed under.

☐ A survey released this week shows that more than 75 per cent of black South African factory workers oppose campaigns in the United States and elsewhere for divestment in South Africa. This datum appears to have no effect on pro-divestiture groups. Oh yes. They tend to be the same people who tell us we mustn't economically boycott Poland, because it would hurt the Polish people.

☐ Now it is official. The British Crown Colony of Hong Kong will revert to Chinese sovereignty come 1997. Since Hong Kong is somewhat larger in area than the island of Grenada, and vastly richer, this means that the period from Reagan's election in 1980 until the end of the century will still see a net loss of free territory to Communism, even if U.S. power holds the line everywhere else. In theory, of course, Hong Kong will not become Communist, but only Chinese, permitted to act as a capitalist window on the world for China's billion. This theory is backed up by the full weight of the British Empire and by the promise of China's leaders, solemnly committed to paper—which is what we predict stock in Hong Kong will be worth come the turn of the century.

☐ It was the neatest trick of the week. Colonel Qaddafi, who has maintained for two years that he has no troops in Chad, has now signed an agreement with France for the phased withdrawal of French and Libyan troops from that country. Qaddafi is pleased. French President François Mitterrand is pleased. King Hassan of Morocco, who brokered the deal, is pleased. And no one is paying much attention to Chadian Foreign Minister Gouara Lassou, who doesn't believe Qaddafi intends to live up to the agreement. "Even if the Libyan troops pretend to leave," says Lassou, "they will only retreat to the north of Chad in order to come back once the French soldiers have gone." Which is more than likely. The agreement doesn't specify whether the Libyans will withdraw all the way into Libyan territory or only to the Aouzou Strip in northern Chad, which they "liberated" in 1973 and subsequently annexed. Still, this gesture clears the air, as did Qaddafi's promise when he signed a treaty of federation with Hassan a month ago to cut off support for the Polisario guerrillas. What Qaddafi is up to is an effort to regain a leadership role among Arabs, which his shenanigans in Chad had jeopardized. He was badly shaken when the annual meeting of the Organization of African Unity, in Tripoli, which he would have chaired, was called off a couple of years back because Morocco and a dozen African nations refused to attend.

☐ Britain's Fresh Fruit and Vegetable Information

An Historical Note

When Habsburg snarled at Bourbon
  On Germany's frontiers,
The fire they ignited
  Raged on for thirty years.
Today, with SAT scores soggy
  And history a drag,
Kids think *auto-da-fé* means
  A Porsche's sticker tag.

W. H. VON DREELE

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Bureau asserts that, as long suspected, fresh fruit and vegetables have aphrodisiac qualities, and specifically that vitamin A (spinach, carrots, and such) "helps convert cholesterol into active sex hormones," presumably decreasing mortality and increasing the birthrate. Malthusians reading the report may wish to eat a banana, which is rich in potassium to fight stress.

☐ Happy birthday to Brigitte Bardot and Sophia Loren, who both hit the big Five O, and hand us one of those bananas. We feel some stress coming on at the thought.

☐ VOICES OF MODERATION: "Our true choice is not between tax reduction, on the one hand, and the avoidance of large federal deficits on the other. It is increasingly clear that, no matter what party is in power, as long as our national-security needs keep rising, an economy hampered by restrictive tax rates will never produce enough revenue to balance the budget—just as it will never produce enough jobs or enough profits. In short, it is a paradoxical truth that tax rates are too high today and tax revenues are too low—and the soundest way to raise revenues in the long run is to cut rates now." *President John F. Kennedy, to the Economic Club of New York, December 14, 1962.*

☐ The House of Representatives has voted, 355 to 55, to deny the prescription of heroin to the terminally ill, under a proposed experimental program, and let them die in pain.

☐ The subscription rate for NATIONAL REVIEW is now $29.00 a year for regular subscribers, and $460,000.00 a year for Pentagon employees.

☐ How do you get four hundred Democratic congressional candidates to hide in a single closet? *A*: Tell them Walter Mondale is about to walk into the room and make endorsements.

☐ There are two kinds of Republicans in this world, and Lowell Weicker is neither of them.

☐ HECKLING, THE REAL THING: "One of the most enduring images of the [1940] campaign was a wire-service photograph which showed [Wendell Willkie] as he was struck in the left temple by a frozen egg in Chicago's LaSalle Street Station. In Pontiac, Michigan, he hardly noticed when an egg splashed on the platform, and returned to his Buick convertible. Then, suddenly, an egg swished within inches of Mrs. Willkie's head. . . . Entering Detroit's Cadillac Square, Willkie ducked a cantaloupe thrown from a hotel window. Riding through Boston, Willkie was hit by a potato. Willkie's press corps kept a daily running count of the missiles thrown at the candidate, which included telephone directories, chairs, ashtrays, stones, oranges, eggs, and tomatoes" (*Dark Horse*, Steve Neal).

☐ Walter Mondale has had it with the hecklers. We sympathize. Where we part company with him is on the idea that the hecklers are part of some sort of conspiracy. We see them as essentially indigenous forces. You have to deal with the root causes of heckling, the legitimate aspirations and complaints that underlie the surface phenomena. Repression is not the answer.

Who Are the Bigots?

WHO WOULD have guessed that the "single issue" of abortion would turn out to be nearly the central issue of the 1984 campaign? Again and again the liberals have tried to dismiss or derogate it; but it keeps coming back. It has made Gerry Ferraro's campaign a shambles: Wherever she goes, anti-abortion protestors are there to remind everyone of her grisly position. Though "personally opposed," she has said she would give her own daughter money to pay for the abortion of her grandchild. The absurdity of this stance was caught once and for all in John Lofton's quip that Teddy Kennedy's religion "is so private he won't even impose it on himself."

With more sophistication, New York's Governor Mario Cuomo has dropped the "personally opposed" line in favor of what looks like the new liberal catchphrase, "prudential political judgment." At the same time, he alludes to "statistics" showing that Catholics favor abortion—and get abortions—at the same rate as the general population. But this argument actually implies that there is nothing particularly "Catholic" about opposition to abortion.

After all, the anti-abortion laws were put on the books by non-Catholic legislators before Catholics had any political clout in America. There were no sectarian divisions on the issue. And the Supreme Court, it is too often forgotten, struck down even the most *liberal* abortion laws. The anti-abortion consensus had relaxed somewhat by 1973, but the Court spoke even then from far outside the prevailing range of opinion.

The Catholic Church is only the most prominent institution still speaking from within the old moral consensus. It is reprehensible for liberal voices, like the *New York Times*, to imply that the anti-abortion position is an alien dogma, just imported from Rome, and to warn the Church against stirring up anti-Catholic bigotry.

Lutheran theologian Richard John Neuhaus, author of *The Naked Public Square* (reviewed in *NR*, July 27), wrote to the *New York Times* on September 25, quoting from a *Times* editorial, which stated, "It might as well be said bluntly: . . . the Catholic bishops'

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effort to impose a religious test on the performance of Catholic politicians threatens the hard-won understanding that finally brought America to elect a Catholic President a generation ago." Pastor Neuhaus's withering analysis: "While that statement does have the limited merit of bluntness, permit me to suggest that it invites the prospect it decries and advances bigotry in the name of tolerance."

As Representative Henry Hyde recently put it in a speech at Notre Dame, the abortion controversy is "not the result of a new intervention by the Catholic hierarchy into the political affairs of the nation. The truth may be precisely the opposite: that the bishops' entry, coupled with the rise of evangelical Protestantism, has brought about a critical mass of dissatisfaction with the secular-separationist perspective."

Some Pop Theory

"SUPPLY-SIDE economics has failed."

"I'm sorry, I can't heard you, there's a boom going on."

"SUPPLY-SIDE ECONOMICS HAS FAILED!"

"Could you speak up, please? The boom is too loud for me to hear you."

"SUPPLY-SIDE ECONOMICS HAS FAILED!"

The *New York Times* may raise its voice all it likes, but nobody seems to be paying much attention. It's being drowned out by the hum of machinery, the blast of drilling, and the whirr of data-crunching. Its headlines are being out-shouted by the staid columns of business statistics printed in 7-point type on the back pages—the reports of lower interest rates (long-term bond rates fell by more than a point in the last two months), higher employment, better finances for city and state governments.

The latest outburst in the *Times* was September 18, and featured an attack on the "pop theory" of supply-side economics and its "fervent, almost evangelical," not to mention "ardent" and "fundamentalist," supporters. The attack was mostly attributed to "orthodox" and "mainstream" economists, although it later turned out that the economists in question were those who adopted a "traditional Keynesian" view of the recovery.

The point of the piece, to anyone who has opened a newspaper in the past two years, was a real shocker; the Kemp-Roth tax cut of 1981 *didn't raise revenues.* Except, that is, among the highest bracket of taxpayers. The richest taxpayers, despite the tax cut, paid 4.3 per cent more in taxes in 1982 than in 1981; the various brackets below them paid slightly less; and the bottom 50 per cent of taxpayers paid significantly less, their tax bills going down by 10.1 per cent, according to Treasury data quoted in the *Times.*

Now, these revenue data may indeed confound those few supply-siders who predicted that the tax cut would raise revenues by producing a "reflow" of more than 100 per cent in the first year. But most supporters of the Reagan tax cuts expected a more moderate reflow effect—one for which the new data provide ample evidence. In its 1980 analysis of Kemp-Roth, the House Republican Research Committee assumed a reflow not of 100 per cent but of 40 per cent, 20 in the first year and 20 in the second. This is quite in line with "mainstream" estimates; the *Times* quotes Allen Sinai of Shearson Lehman as citing a 30 to 40 per cent reflow. (In later years the reflow continues to increase, eventually yielding higher total revenue.)

The Treasury data clearly show that the reflow effect, while falling short of 100 per cent, is quite sizable—thus vindicating what the *Times* correctly calls the "key supply-side tenet . . . that lowering marginal tax rates will have a substantial incentive effect on work and investment." It also shows that the Reagan tax cuts significantly shifted the tax burden away from the poor and middle classes and toward the wealthy. Worst of all—in the liberal worldview—it shows that "progressive" taxation has reached the end of its tether. It may still be possible to get more money out of the middle class by turning the thumb-screws; but it appears that raising the rates paid at the top brackets serves little purpose but spite.

The Heckler

THE DEMOCRATS, harassed by pro-Reagan and anti-abortion hecklers of Walter Mondale and Geraldine Ferraro, are making the most of their own unpopularity by suggesting that the White House is behind their tormentors. Mondale is calling on Ronald Reagan to put a stop to it. By doing so, of course, he implies that Reagan is somehow responsible for it.

Reagan should put a stop to it, of course, but not in the way Mondale would like. He should denounce the heckling, dissociate himself from it, and raise a few questions: Where were Fritz Mondale and his liberal allies while the student Left was not only harassing but menacing campus speakers? Did Mondale speak up for the right of our UN ambassador to be heard at Smith last year? Has he shown any serious concern for anyone's First Amendment rights but his own? Was Jesse Jackson, who toasted Fidel Castro and Che Guevara in Havana, and has been toasted by Mondale-Ferraro, a friend of civil rights?

Liberal Democrats have long since forfeited any right to pose as champions of tolerance. It is Ronald Reagan who has restored civility to American politics; that is a large part of his appeal. Walter Mondale's campaign is a sustained assault on civility, featuring constant accusations of cruelty and warmongering against Reagan. He sounds less like a statesman than a heckler himself. Now he's whimpering that the younger hecklers are drowning him out.

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Fighting Fritz?

FOR A MINUTE, it looked like a different Mondale—Wally the Warrior, swinging out with a Viking gleam in his eye. In a *New York Times* interview, Mondale said that if the Sandinistas continued to export revolution to El Salvador, they should be subjected to "quarantine"; and that President Mondale would have used "American power" to protect American lives in Grenada, which, he now says, were indeed threatened. The pros took note. Was the tough talk a political ploy? An effort to shove Mondale a few inches toward the center?

The vectors of the original interview were soon obscured in a flurry of clarifications, and, in fact, there had been little enough to begin with. On Grenada, Mondale outlined what might be called the Barnes Doctrine, explaining that he had reached his new position as a result of a fact-finding mission by Representative Michael Barnes (D., Md.); before then, Mondale had only the Administration's estimate of the Grenadian situation to go on, which was of course insufficient. It's good to know there is someone whose warnings Mondale trusts; unfortunate that he and Barnes whiffed danger only after the troops had already gone in. Will a Mondale Administration have to send Barnes wading ashore before every tough decision?

The threatened Mondale quarantine likewise evanesces. It would consist of pressure from the Contadora countries and "all of our European friends who have leverage." Mexico and Mitterrand to the rescue. Meanwhile, Mondale would cut off aid to the *Contras*, no matter how badly Nicaragua behaves.

It's still spinach. The hell with it.

1988, Part I

A MEDIA POLL of the delegates to the Dallas convention indicated that, as of today, George Bush and Jack Kemp are in the lead for the 1988 Republican nomination, with other candidates attracting some interest.

George Bush has performed admirably as Vice President, largely muting his own views when they conflict with those of the President, as they apparently do on economic and some social issues. In 1980, Reagan chose Bush at Detroit in part as a gesture of reconciliation with the Eastern and "moderate" wing of the party, and Bush retains that political identity. He appears to be friendlier to a hypothetical 1985 tax increase than the President. He has indicated that he does not regard such New Right figures as Richard Viguerie and Terry Dolan as authentic Republicans. It is fair to say that, as of now, Bush is running as a pre-Reagan orthodox Republican, a political identity

that has not galvanized a national majority since 1928.

The question at the moment concerning Jack Kemp is whether he should be permitted to pre-empt conservative support for 1988. His credentials are impressive. He wins by overwhelming majorities in his blue-collar Buffalo congressional district, and he has provided forceful intellectual leadership on the tax-cutting issue, which has been central to the first Reagan Administration. At Dallas, he led the fight to get a hard commitment against raising taxes written into the platform. He is in demand nationally as a speaker, but he has never won election outside of his district, and he has not registered on the national consciousness in connection with a broad range of issues, foreign and domestic. It is fair to ask whether Kemp could defeat, say, Bill Bradley or Mario Cuomo.

Dallas revealed a wealth of potential national Republican talent. Howard Baker and Bob Dole are probably kidding themselves, but there are some interesting dark horses, including Lew Lehrman and Pierre du Pont, and it is beginning to be noticed that George Deukmejian is compiling a striking record as governor of the nation's largest state. It is early, to be sure, but it is not as early as you think.

Campaigns and Issues

"REAGAN APPEARS to Succeed by Avoiding Specific Issues," according to a front-page overview of the campaign by Howell Raines of the *New York Times*. Meg Greenfield complains in *Newsweek* that the Reagan campaign is a cloying candy box of photo opportunities. John B. Oakes thinks Reagan "studiously avoids the issues." And there is much more of the same.

Now the first thing to observe is that a political campaign is not an academic seminar. Its purpose is not educational. Position papers are not its essence. The late Nelson Rockefeller had some of the best position papers money could buy, and it availed him

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nought. Walter Mondale originally wanted *six* televised debates with Reagan, a notion in which he was supported by much of the media, but if that had come to pass he should have been required to register and pay tuition. The trouble seems to be that too many of those who comment on politics do not really understand it, perhaps because they are academics *manqués*.

The purposes of a political campaign are: 1) to present visual and verbal symbols that reflect and emphasize positions that a candidate, on the record, is known to hold, and, 2) to enact rituals of communion with his constituencies and potential constituencies. Furthermore, an election is itself a complex ritual, and one of its most important functions is to reinforce a sense of belief in the nation as a democratic community.

Mr. Tom Wicker recently complained that without an extended series of debates between Reagan and Mondale the voters would remain inadequately informed about the issues, but in reality anyone who does not know where Reagan and Mondale stand and where they disagree must have been asleep or on Mars for at least the past four years, and maybe the last twenty years. Reagan wants lower taxes and less government. Mondale wants higher taxes and more government. Each man has said so, and both are sincere about it. Reagan wants to spend more on defense than Mondale does. Reagan is more hostile to Central American Communists than Mondale is. Reagan puts the stress on growth, Mondale on redistribution. Who doesn't know all that?

Viewed generically, what this campaign comes down to therefore is the comparative success of each candidate in symbolizing those known positions and creating bonds of communion with the voters.

From that perspective, the President's speech at the United Nations may have been his first serious mistake, a symbol so dissonant with his previous utterances that it seems merely cynical, and for that reason negative. But that judgment is tentative, and waits upon an assessment of the actual impact, if any, of the speech. Those who wish Mondale well might have been well advised to urge him to obfuscate the "issues" entirely, appeal to the history of his party, hold aloft its major icons, etc., since he seems to to be on the unpopular side of, precisely, the issues.

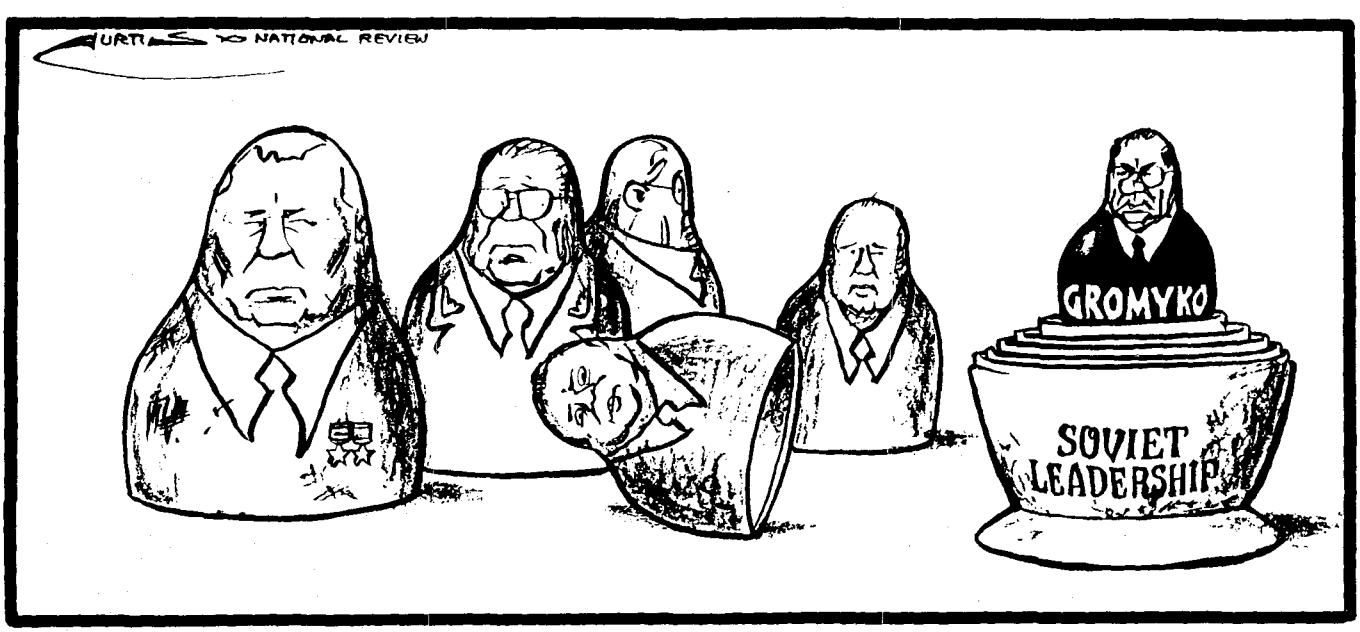
Putting the House in Order

THE REAGAN landslide of 1980 swept in a Republican-controlled Senate, and, for three months at least, a workable House—192 Republicans, most of them tractable, and enough boll weevils and otherwise sensible Democrats to put the Reagan tax program more or less in place.

As of now, Reagan looks good, and so does the Senate majority. But the Reagan coalition in the House is long gone. Republicans lost seats in 1982; Republicans and Democrats alike became timorous in the face of the recession and the deficit. Like their colleagues in the Other Body, many representatives were tempted to Grow in Office.

Times have changed. The economy has responded to Reaganite ministrations. The keening over the deficit arises from the very people who nurtured it over the last quarter century; the line-item veto would do more to pare it than a dozen Mondale tax hikes. But before there can be a line-item veto—or a continuation of the Reagan tax program, or serious attempts to trim spending, or any number of desirable things—there must be a working majority in the House.

The Republican Party would have to pick up 52 House seats to take control outright—unlikely, though not inconceivable (the Democrats gained 43 seats



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Comfortably Ahead

Though Mondale's pollsters cast a pall
From which incumbents flee,
The figures show him standing tall
In Washington, D.C.

W. H. von Dreele

after Watergate). What can realistically happen is a gain of thirty or so, in the wake of a second Reagan landslide. Other good things would immediately flow therefrom—morale would rise; marginal Democrats would pitch in; Tip O'Neill would preside, as he did through the beginning of the first term, but not rule: an out-maneuvered irrelevancy. Even more important than the numbers of Republican representatives is their quality—new candidates are less likely to be in the accommodationist mode of Robert Michel or Barber Conable, and more likely to follow the lead of the take-charge Young Turks: Jack Kemp, Newt Gingrich, Vin Weber.

Conservatives tend to lay too many of their expectations on Ronald Reagan, and hence too much blame. He spearheaded a revolution in American politics, and he is the most powerful person in the Free World. But there is only one of him, and every bill he proposes must pass through a scrum of 535 legislators before it becomes law. More of them should be wearing Reagan's jerseys. A great many House seats hang in the balance this November and can make the difference. Four examples: Oregon: Representative Les Au Coin (D.) *v.* Bill Moshofsky (R.); Oklahoma: Representative James R. Jones (D.) *v.* Frank Keating (R.); Pennsylvania: Representative Peter Kostmayer *v.* David Christian (R.); Virginia: Representative Frederick Boucher (D.), the most liberal member of Congress from Virginia, *v.* Jefferson Stafford (R.).

Bombing in Beirut

The suicide car bombing of the U.S. Embassy annex in Lebanon on September 20 was a reminder of how easily terrorism can shatter the uneasy calm of daily human life. It was also a reminder of just how vulnerable a target, and how tempting, America remains abroad. The only plausible motive for the bombing may have been a U.S. veto of an anti-Israeli resolution at the UN Security Council earlier in the month. But what self-respecting terrorist requires a plausible motive for attacking Americans?

This was the third time in 17 months that a bomb hidden in a vehicle has destroyed an official U.S. facility in Beirut.

President Reagan bears no blame for lapses in security that should have been identified and rectified well below his pay grade. But he should hold the responsible officials accountable, if human error and negligence indeed led to a loss of human life that might have been averted.

The terrorist group that planned the bombing should also be held accountable. Terrorism must be dealt with at three levels: internationally, by sanctions against countries that foster and support it, such as the USSR, Bulgaria, Libya, and Iran; regionally, by direct retaliation against terrorists themselves, where possible; and locally, through adequate security precautions. There is room for improvement at all levels.

Brutus Coste, RIP

During the war, Brutus Coste served the government of Rumania in Washington as chargé d'affaires. When it became clear that Rumania had become a victim of Potsdam diplomacy, he defected to America, and in due course served as secretary-general of the Assembly of Captive European Nations. The captive European nations are those nations in the memory of which, during the Fifties, the President of the United States used to dedicate a week in memory of. Such an act nowadays, to judge from President Reagan's speech before the United Nations, would be considered a belligerent act.

Coste, by training an academic, and a man of overwhelming gentility, disliked shouting and screaming, though he was driven always by a fierce pride in his homeland and by a hope that one day it would be delivered from tyranny. When he died a fortnight ago, he had little to look back on in terms of the success of his crusade. He eked out a precarious living by teaching political science and contemporary history at Fairleigh Dickinson University in New Jersey. But mostly he gave quiet lectures, and counsel, to friends of freedom. He was 74 when he died, of cancer, in New York. We honor his memory, and affectionately recall campaigns fought in his valiant company.

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I don't know if you would be interested in this, but I thought I would mention it to you because it could be a real "sleeper" in making a lot of money with very little investment.

A group of us at the bank are considering investing in a large cat ranch near Hermosillo, Mexico. It is our purpose to start rather small, with about one million cats. Each cat averages about 12 kittens a year; skins can be sold for about 20¢ for the white ones and up

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to 40¢ for the black. This will give us 12 million cat skins per year to sell at an average price of around 32¢, making our revenue about $3 million a year. This really averages out to $10,000 a day—excluding Sundays and holidays.

A good Mexican cat man can skin about fifty cats per day at a wage of $3.15 per day. It will only take 663 men to operate the ranch so the net profit would be over $8,200 per day.

Now, the cats would be fed on rats exclusively. Rats multiply four times as fast as cats. We would start a rat ranch right adjacent to our cat farm. If we start with a million rats, we will have four rats per cat each day. The rats will be fed on the carcasses of the cats we skin. This will give each rat one-quarter of a cat. You can see by this that the business is a clean operation—self-supporting and really automatic throughout. The cats will eat the rats and the rats will eat the cats and we will get the skins.

Let me know if you are interested; as you can imagine, we are rather particular who we want to get into this, and want the fewest investors possible.

Eventually, it is our hope to cross the cats with snakes, for they will skin themselves twice a year! This would save the labor costs of skinning, as well as give us two skins for one cat.

Sincerely,
Terry Thornton
Albany, Ga.

Dear Mr. Thornton: We are certainly *interested.* Keep us posted. Cordially, —WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

At first I couldn't believe. Then, others confirmed. Our usually precise hero had slipped. On *Firing Line* he had lapsed into saying: *a number of.*

Thus, I'm impelled to point out—as I've done to Presidents, *N.Y. Times* editors, TV anchorpersons & others—that this three-word combination has been defined as "a meaningless phrase used by lazy writers & speakers" . . . has a variety of alternatives such as few, many, dozens, scores, etc. . . . & frequently can be eliminated without effect on a message's import.

Ban this inanity from publishing & politics & there'd be a vast saving of natural resources—forests, oil, coal & energy—currently wasted on its reproduction & dissemination. There also would be ancillary benefits including smaller newspapers (fewer hernias from handling Sunday editions), briefer newscasts &, conceivably, an occasional political speech that makes sense.

Of greater significance would be the spread of the addiction to literature:

Think of the poetry lost
Had the phrase been used by Robert Frost,
Lord Tennyson & Mr. Browning,
Or in songs we enjoy singing.
People would think Tennyson mad
For: ". . . rode a number of lads."
And Browning, feet of clay
For: ". . . I love thee a number of ways."
Plus, what of the cost to Frost
For: ". . . I have a number of promises to keep & a number of miles to go before I sleep"?
And who'd want to dance with one's love
To "Tea for a Number Of"
Or join a singalong
Of "A Number of Frenchmen Can't Be Wrong"?
But all would wish a whammy
On both Al Jolson & his "Mammy"
For: "I'd walk a number of miles for a number of your smiles."

Please, kind sir, seek to provide a better example.

Sincerely,
Alex W. Burger
New Rochelle, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Burger: How do you handle the need to communicate, "A number of the odd-numbered series was revealed as the key to the missing formula?" Or should one simply abandon the search for the formula? Many thanks, —WFB

☐ Memo to: Bill
From: John [Buckley]
Subject: Zeno's Paradox

This is the last word, by presumption, on this subject. When I was first introduced to Zeno's Paradox, I promptly refuted it or circumvented it, but was too unimpressed with my own cunning to pass on my solution to others. Now that the Paradox has started cropping up in *NR*, I must surface.

Thus: If one proposes to go from point A to any given point, for example, B, one must first plot B twice as far from A as is the intended distance actually to be traveled. Mark the real objective X. And then the deceitful voyager *pretends* that he intends to go from A to B, but *really* only proposes to go as far as X, which is permitted by Zeno. Thus, the traveler accomplishes his journey, and Zeno stands refuted.

Elementary, my dear brother.

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Your portrait on the jacket of *Up from Liberalism* looks more like Walter Mondale than does Walter Mondale. Perhaps you should have a Secret Service guard.

Sincerely,
Richard W. Whyte
Vienna, Va.

Dear Mr. Whyte: Perhaps I should have an exorcist! Cordially, —WFB

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DEMOCRATIC BREAKAWAY

WITH EACH new poll, Democratic strategists here grimace with pain, wondering what can be done to dilute the President's mandate and protect their Senate and House seats—in short, to derail a possible Republican realignment. Reagan leads over Mondale in every state, with an overall nationwide margin of 25 to thirty points. Right now, Mr. Reagan is pulling more Republicans (95 per cent) of every stripe than any other GOP presidential candidate in history, almost as many independents (63 per cent) as Nixon did in '72 (69 per cent), and almost as many Democrats (28 per cent) as Nixon (33 per cent). So a landslide is in the making, and Democrats will be breaking away.

"Voters will move away from the Democratic Party either to the independent category, or to the Republican column," says a top Reagan strategist. "The Republican numbers will go up in this election, but not by as much as the Democratic numbers go down. That's because a larger number of breakaway Democrats will roost in the independent zone. That's what realignment means in this election."

Even so, history may give Ronald Reagan a chance at a true "impossible dream"—a realignment like FDR's 1936 win, which ratified his 1932 political revolution. Roosevelt's victory that year was by 24 percentage points, a figure not dissimilar from Reagan's current lead in the polls. Four realities could conspire to produce this kind of sea change: the Reagan persona, the economic boom, the patriotic high, and the Democratic chaos.

First, the persona. No question about Ronald Reagan's popularity, about how much people like this septuagenarian who, with a would-be assassin's bullet buried in his chest, walks into a hospital for emergency treatment, jesting about his grim condition. Then too, Reagan's life symbolizes the American dream: Born poor, Dutch worked his way up, paid his dues, and became modestly well-to-do. Beyond this, the persona is being perceived differently of late. The "communicator" is becoming the "leader."

Second, the economy shines for the Republicans. Free enterprise is back in vogue; central planning is scorned. Despite Democratic complaints of unfairness, the financial surge elevates all sectors of society. Capitalism is fashionable even on college campuses.

Third, the nationalistic binge now propelling the people both stimulates and reinforces the Reagan mystique. Defeatism is linked with the left wing of the Democratic Party. Good-bye Vietnam, Iranian captivity, Carter "malaise." Hello Grenada, Olympics, space shuttle, prosperity, Reagan geniality. "Reagan has become almost a cult figure," says an insider who has known and traveled with the President for almost twenty years. "Young people between the ages of 18 and 25 are pro Reagan 2 to 1. It's mind-boggling. The youth vote could become the engine of a Republican realignment."

The fourth factor is the current parlous state of the Democratic Party. "If the Democrats don't get hold of themselves and find an identity other than their liberal policies of today, you'll see a realignment in the next four to eight years," says a savvy Hill Democrat. "If the party decides there's nothing wrong with its liberal philosophy, and says, 'We just didn't have the right horse,' then watch for the Republicans to get the White House again, and more grass-roots strength."

If you think a long-term realignment is now preordained, however, a quick look at the 1988 GOP political squabble now gathering will sober you up. The struggle for the soul of the Republican Party is no longer a conservative/liberal one, as in '64. Today, with the liberal wing moribund, two rival conservative camps are battling it out, one orthodox and traditionalist, the other populist and anti-establishment.

For three decades, a more Republican South has been predicted, and to a limited extent that prediction has proved true; for example, each state of the Old Confederacy (except Louisiana and Arkansas) now has at least one Republican senator. Yet in the rural House districts, it is virtually impossible for GOP candidates to win races. At the state level, moreover, Republicans hold a pathetic 18 per cent of House seats and 13 per cent of Senate seats. But thanks to liberal dominance of the Democratic Party and Jesse Jackson's polarization, white Southerners are starting to support Republicans in increasing numbers.

ALSO ESSENTIAL to a Republican realignment is the recapturing of the Midwest and Northeast, now solid vote-gathering territories for Democrats, thanks to the flood of Eastern and Southern European immigrants in the late nineteenth century. The good news for Republicans is that these conservative ethnics are disenchanted with liberal Democrats; the bad news is that they vote Democratic during recessions. Finally, bear in mind that of fifty governors, 35 are Democrats.

In a nutshell, the time is ripe for the GOP to be anointed as the Majority Party, but the full public conversion will still take a while. Not more than 25 House races are truly competitive this year, and those seats could go Republican if Reagan wins big. At best, the GOP-dominated Senate will lose no seats, but don't be surprised if one or two slip. So, the best guess is that realignment will have to wait upon dealignment. Watch for a large Democratic migration into a holding "independent" status, wherein votes will be cast for Ronald Reagan and virginity will be lost, but don't look for a GOP wedding before 1988. □

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POLITICAL DEMOGRAPHY / JOHN P. ROCHE

The Passing of 'The Class of 1941'

POLITICAL DEMOGRAPHY is a fascinating area, one that has received inadequate attention from scholars and politicians. Almost forty years ago, when I was simultaneously reading Vilfredo Pareto and studying French politics, I became intrigued by the persistent left-wing voting behavior of certain areas of the Midi. From the first French elections, their slogan was "*toujours à gauche*," whatever brand name the *gauche* wore—radical socialist, socialist, Communist.

To make a long story short, it occurred to me that these areas had been strongholds of the Albigensian heretics in the twelfth century, against whom a savage crusade was launched, and Huguenot centers in the French religious wars of the sixteenth century.

Similarly, if you look at an electoral map of Portugal, you discover that the Tagus River is the boundary between right- and left-wing turf. The parties of the Right and Center are based in what was the Kingdom of Portugal in 1200. The Left and the Communists find their strength in the south, later captured from the Moors, who were forcibly converted to Christianity and worked as serfs on latifundia, as distinct from the small family farms of the north.

I mentioned Marquis Pareto earlier—in his endless *Mind and Society*, he distinguished between "residual" and "derivative" behavior. "Residual" is an unconscious, even non-rational, societal tropism. It can be used to explain certain intriguing behavior patterns—such as the Muslim Kurds' crossing themselves in Eastern Rite fashion, or the voting behavior in Languedoc. Unfortunately, its merit is empirically unverifiable.

"Derivative" behavior is the persistence in a society of continuous conscious and rational responses based on perceived collective experience. This windup brings me to the topic at hand: I submit that since the seventeenth century—when New England Puritan plantations managed to maintain a cunning neutrality between the Royalists and Cromwell during the Interregnum (1649 to 1660)—Americans have approached the world from two major perspectives. One has argued for isolationism—with no pejorative overtones—because we are too good for "them": Thomas Jefferson stands as a father figure with his denunciation of the corruption of the "Old World." Somewhere—in a letter to du Pont de Nemours, I think—he observed that natural law worked more beneficently in America than in Europe!

The other view, set out by John Quincy Adams in his statements that we do not go abroad seeking monsters to destroy, and that we are friends of liberty everywhere, but guardians only of our own, is not so much a Jeffersonian statement of American enlightenment as an Augustinian observation that "they" are bad for us. The former was moralistic; the latter, a form of *raison d'état*. Recall: The last item in the Monroe/Adams Doctrine was a promise not to dabble in Old World brawls. As Secretary of State, Adams further demonstrated his disdain for moralism by withholding any endorsement of Latin American independence movements until he had successfully negotiated the Adams-Onis Treaty in February 1819, which incorporated Florida into the United States and established the boundary between Spanish territory in Mexico and the Louisiana Purchase.

After the achievement of "Manifest Destiny"—i.e., conquest of the West—we survived the holocaust of the Civil War, with casualties greater than France or Britain or Germany had in World War I in proportional population terms. The survivors, burnt out by the ordeal, did stop the world and get off: We had no foreign policy until a new generation emerged in the 1890s. (We saw a rerun of this generational apathy between World Wars I and II in France and Britain: To the survivors of the trenches *any* option was preferable to war.)

Then, with the Spanish-American War, the same split in attitudes emerged among the anti-imperialists. There were those who opposed imperialism on moral grounds, and those who said the United States would be "mongrelized" if we got mixed up with those *Untermenschen*. The struggle to restrict immigration also had this schizophrenic qual-

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ity: One group wanted to bar the "lesser breeds," while the other wanted qualitative filtration, literacy. (Not surprisingly perhaps, the latter view emanated from Harvard.)

Suffice it to say that as the clock ran down toward World War II, the United States had two elites, which I shall designate the La Follette and the Taft families. The former said, "Build schools—not battleships" (in a 1935 version of a current theme); the latter were conservative nationalists. Again, as in the past, the rationales were different. The progressive isolationists thought involvement would corrupt virginal America, that militarism would lead to the undermining of our democratic institutions. The conservative isolationists did not want us again to fall into the company of thieves and rogues who did not (except for noble Finland) even pay their debts.

There was agreement on one thing: "America first," a linkage symbolized by a Madison Square rally in 1941, at which Norman Thomas, Senator Burton K. Wheeler, and Charles A. Lindbergh spoke under the auspices of the America First Committee. I was there passing out socialist antiwar literature; my father, a staunch Coughlinite, was there for his own reasons. (Some have said the isolationists of America First were pro-Nazi. This is nonsense. Like my father, a former regular Navy CPO, they were old-fashioned patriots who viewed the outside world with pity and/or contempt and wanted to keep the United States "a city upon a hill," an oasis of freedom and decency in an unreformed and unreformable world. On December 8, Dad tried to re-enlist in the Navy, but was turned down on grounds of age.)

We forget that as late as the summer of 1941, roughly 80 per cent of Americans polled indicated enormous sympathy for the British, but did not want U.S. *military* intervention. We are, historically, anything but a nation of tigers. In August 1941, the extension of our first peacetime draft passed by *one* vote in the House. Among those drafted, the *mot d'ordre* was "OHIO—over the hill in October."

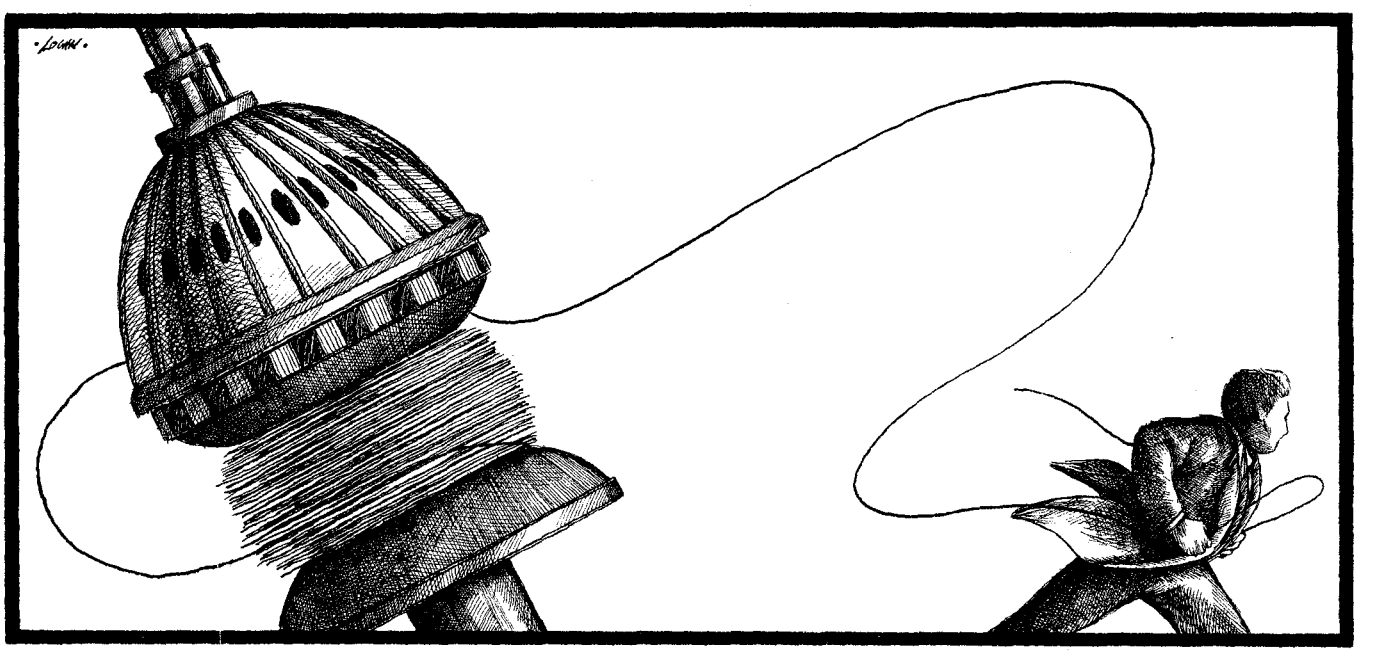
World War II seemed to put isolationism of both brands out of business, and created a new elite group, which I have called "The Class of 1941." The Class of 1941 is that segment of the political class born (approximately) between 1914 and 1934. We were traumatized out of our traditional isolationism. (World War I had been a spasm that led to reinforced American isolationism—we had been "tricked" by the British, duped at Versailles, robbed by a bunch of welshers, and manipulated, according to *Fortune* magazine and the Nye Committee, by "merchants of death"—I know the litany by heart.) But we were traumatized by Pearl Harbor and Hitler's geopolitical insanity on December 11, 1941, when he declared war on us.

However, the old divisions remained deep in the American psyche. The Henry Wallace effort in 1948—in which George McGovern was involved—although in organizational terms a Communist creation, attracted many "useful idiots," homeless progressive isolationists. And the Taft family remained alive and well, losing the GOP nomination in 1952 by a whisker.

Just as this educated horde came on the scene, the Class of 1941 committed its greatest error. It got involved in a war for an abstraction

But the Class of 1941, which included both Democrats and Republicans, managed to seize the heights of political power in the Forties and, with Dwight Eisenhower, in the Fifties. Of course, John F. Kennedy was Class President—one of ours generationally and in his world view. The Taftites did stage a spectacular in 1964 when they got Barry Goldwater, a conservative nationalist to the core, the GOP nomination. But the 1964 campaign was billed by many of us as a wake, the end of the old conservative kamikaze pilots. Were we wrong! Barry was just a generation ahead of his time.

What we of the Class of 1941 failed to realize was that a new generation of huge proportions—72 million born



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between 1945 and 1965—was coming up behind us and that in a real sense it had grown up in a country different from the one we'd grown up in: suburban sprawl, affluence, permissiveness, and no war. We wanted our kids to have the breaks we didn't have—notably education.

A sidebar: When my grandfathers were born, 2 per cent of the population graduated from high school; when Dad was born, 3.5 per cent; when I was born, 20 per cent; when our daughter was born, 63 per cent; now, more than 80 per cent. College figures show a similar accelerating curve. And television added a new dimension of incalculable significance to this younger generation's world.

Just as this educated horde, raised in a narcissus bed by comparison with their forebears, came on the scene, the Class of 1941 committed its greatest—in clinical elite-study terms—error. It got involved in a war at the end of the world for an abstraction. Vietnam was the noblest war we ever fought—only a strategic cretin like David Halberstam could write in 1965 (*The Making of a Quagmire*) that it was "perhaps one of only five or six places in the world that is truly vital to U.S. interests," worth "a larger commitment." The war in fact was fought to protect the freedom of 16 million Asians—"not our kind of people, Lyndon," as Senator Fulbright told the President. Vietnam catalyzed the revival of the old isolationist coalition: the La Follette and Taft families. Take Massachusetts as a prize case-study: Was this state "liberal"? No, it was dominated by old-fashioned patriotic isolationism: The word among the masses was "End the *** war and shoot the *** draft dodgers." The antiwar radicals were on a private wavelength; their main contributions were media sound effects.

There is an interesting resemblance here to the views of the coalition of left- and right-wing "Little Englanders" in the wake of the post-World War II demise of Empire. In 1965, after I had tangled with a patronizing conservative and Euro-centered BBC-TV commentator over Vietnam, a then-eminent Labour left-wing MP braced me at a dinner party with the caustic query, "Roche, don't you think it's time to let the 'woggies' fight it out?" History, as Voltaire observed, may not repeat itself, "but people do."

What we have seen in the post-Vietnam era is a shift in the plate tectonics of American politics back to the historic pattern; the "derivations," as Pareto would put it, are being reasserted. This involves a repudiation of the Class of 1941—"the watchmen on the walls of world freedom," in JFK's undelivered Dallas speech.

Let us look at specifics from a 1982 Chicago Council on Foreign Relations poll, confirmed by others since. In all such polls you must ignore such ontological questions as "Should we ever have gotten involved in," say, "the Persian Gulf?" There is one big question, one number to play: "If things go wrong in," say, "the Gulf, should we send troops?" In the Chicago poll the distinction is made between the view of "leaders" and those of the "public." Here are a few relevant items:

Question: Should we send troops if:

1. The Soviets invade Japan?

Leaders—No, 22 per cent. Public—No, 49 per cent.

2. North Korea invades South Korea?

Leaders—No, 50 per cent. Public—No, 78 per cent.

3. Leftist guerrillas are about to defeat the government in El Salvador?

Leaders—No, 90 per cent. Public—No, 80 per cent.

4. The Arabs cut off oil to the United States?

Leaders—No, 64 per cent. Public—No, 61 per cent.

5. The Arabs invade Israel?

Leaders—No, 53 per cent. Public—No, 70 per cent.

6. The Soviets invade Western Europe?

Leaders—No, 8 per cent. Public—No, 35 per cent.

This suggests that there is consensus on action in one case: Western Europeans, presumably, are "our kind of people." (An October-November 1983 Roper poll indicated that when the Central American issue was raised confrontationally—"If Cuban troops were involved in a Communist takeover . . ."—56 per cent favored use of American troops, an interesting nuance.)

This is the world in which Ronald Reagan—who at heart, I'm convinced, is a conservative nationalist—has to work. Someone has coined the term "unilateral globalism," but I think "conservative nationalism" is more accurate. I see no global glint in President Reagan's eye. Indeed, the thought of his advocating, say, a TVA for the Mekong River or the elimination of poverty in India is mind-bending. "Prosperity in One Country" would be more appropriate. Recall it was Jimmy Carter who offered flatly to save the Persian Gulf from all comers; Reagan has carefully employed the subjunctive mood.

The coalition of Reaganites—legatees of Taft—and McGovernites—offspring of the La Follettes—is an unarticulated agreement on Fortress America

Reagan's election created cognitive dissonance. Liberal Democrats, like members of the liberal Republican Eastern Establishment, all of the Class of 1941, never believed that anyone who supported Goldwater's view that "extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice" would rate more than a visitor's ticket to the White House. Reagan's election was thus an 8-plus earthquake on the political Richter scale, and it sent a number of eminent statesmen—Republican and Democratic—into shock. (The intelligentsia, to whom we will turn shortly, still refuse to accept Reagan as the legitimate First Magistrate of the Republic—as the *Times* Op-Ed page regularly suggests, "Dutch" is an impostor. Despite overwhelming evidence, he wasn't *really* elected: The people thought they were voting for somebody else . . .)

The Reagan *shokku* was exacerbated when the Sunbelt Republicans, a fearsome band of moss-troopers, stormed into Washington. They brought acute cultural traumas and were totally alien to the culture of power. There had been a few prefigurings of this barbarian invasion when Lyndon Johnson accidentally inherited the White House. But unlike Ronald Reagan, LBJ was awed and intimidated by the magnates of the Eastern Establishment.

In contrast, can you imagine Ronald Reagan worrying nights over whether Nelson, David, or any other "Harriman," in the symbolic sense, disliked or distrusted him? Reagan, like Goldwater, views liberal Republicans as characters who in battle bring up the rear and shoot enemy wounded.

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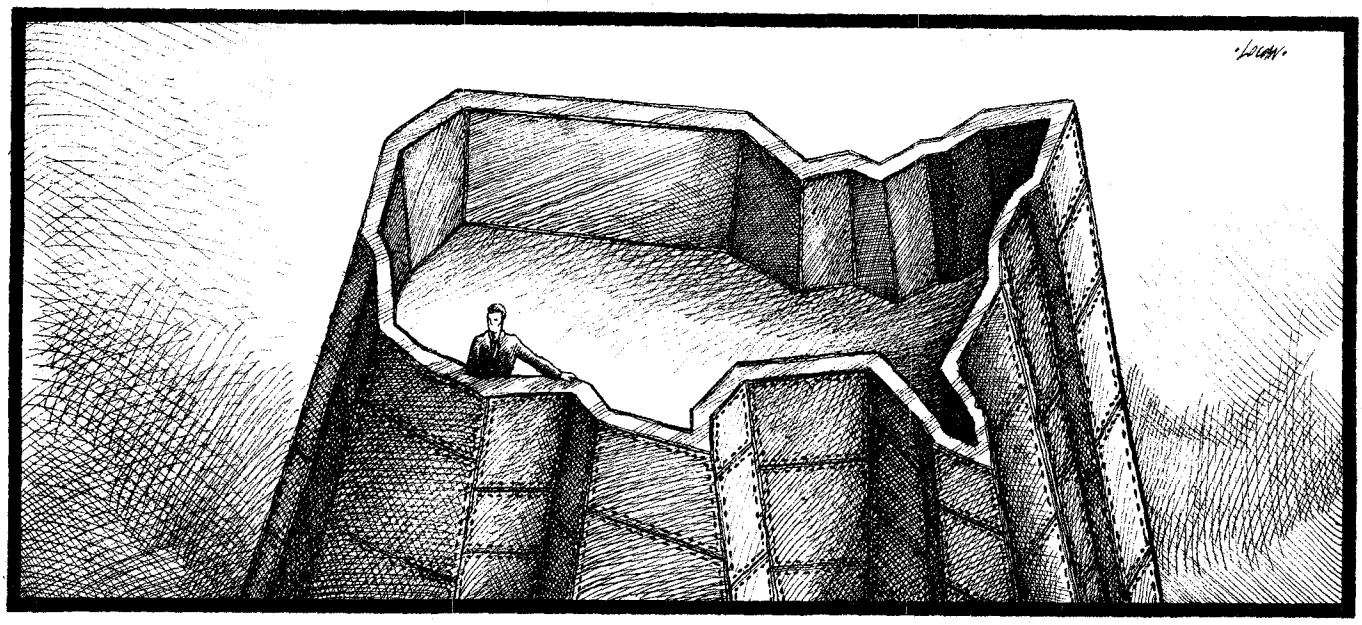

The alternative leadership group is the McGovernites, the lineal descendants of La Follette. While the Reaganites, in mass, suspect that contact with foreign ways will corrupt God-loving, innocent Americans, the McGovernites are convinced intervention is a bad thing because *we* will corrupt both ourselves and noble, innocent Third Worlders—who apparently never knew how to kill and torture until the CIA set up classes. Anthony Lewis—the frenetic shaman of this cult—gave us a summary in 1971: "The U.S. is the most dangerous power in the world today."

The McGovernites have as one of their key premises the assumption that Soviet-U.S. problems arise from a failure of communications. In Jimmy Carter's euphoric phrase, we have an "inordinate fear of Communism." Thus, when President Reagan talks of an "evil empire," "barbarians," or "left-wing thugs," this substantial body of policy-shapers, notably in the media (see the polls by Stanley Rothman), is horrified. True, Marshal Nikolai Ogarkov, until day before yesterday the Soviet Chief of Staff, compared Reagan to Hitler, but that is different—you see, the Soviets are *insecure.* Wasn't it the quack anthropologist Geoffrey Gorer who explained a quarter of a century ago that Soviet fears arose from stifling infancies in swaddling garb?

In the cold analytical world, the President's description of the Soviet system is, of course, totally accurate. But the McGovernites, even if they have taken some Afghans to lunch, will respond that the "President should show more taste"—it's a matter of political aesthetics.

Alas, in 1984, the Class of 1941 finds itself enfiladed. On one hand, the Reaganites seem to think Marxist-Leninists are economic ideologues—we of the Class of 1941 consider them Mafiosi. On the other hand, the McGovernites, perhaps in the spirit of their paraclete, Henry A. Wallace, seem to accept Marxist-Leninist press releases on the inherently progressive nature of, say, the Sandinistas' historical mission.

Curiously, Reaganism is McGovernism seen through a glass darkly—have you noticed how the True Believers (not the President or George McGovern) share a flinty-eyed, cold approach to their fellow human beings? Fundamentally, they are locked in mortal combat in a remote space capsule. When they turn on, I am always reminded of a debate between the United Farm Workers and the Teamsters over who will unionize the Greenland citrus groves. Abortion is obviously a serious matter, but can you imagine a Senate committee holding hearings on the question: "When does the soul enter the fetus?" One did!

The President must get bemused on occasion by the antics of his paladins—as Karl Marx once observed sourly to a didactic French son-in-law, "*Je ne suis pas Marxiste!*" But Reagan is the greatest master of principled flexibility since FDR, as exemplified by his turning the Lebanese policy shambles around. Recall that in 1981, when things were rough, he told David Stockman of OMB, "Don't worry, Dave, we will throw you a spectacular funeral."

To conclude, the coalition of Reaganites—legatees of Taft—and McGovernites—offspring in the symbolic sense of the Robert La Follettes—is an unarticulated agreement on Fortress America. The question is whether we count on morality and idealism for defense, or build up our military power and use it in limited operations—Grenada, Central America—*close to home.*

This is broad-brush stuff, but I would anticipate over the next decades—particularly with our aging population (by 2010 a quarter of the American people will be over 55)—an increase in continentalism, to use a non-pejorative substitute for isolationism, and a decline in global concerns. (Note the symmetry between demography and strategy: Nuclear defense is capital-intensive; conventional, in contrast, is labor-intensive.) As the Chicago and other polls indicate, our elite is far more internationalist than the populace. But the Class of 1941 is rapidly becoming an elite emeritus, an unnatural aberration among our historical "derivations." (Incidentally, the "Coral Sea Generation" in Australia is suffering a similar fate: It is being superseded by continentalists who view the United States as a menace, not a protector.)

Hard as it is to admit, in the clinical sense the Class of 1941, not its non-interventionist opponents of whichever dispensation, has been an un-American phenomenon. The first internationalist generation in American history is leaving the walls of freedom for retirement, and new volunteer watchmen are in short supply. □

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THE FRITZ & GERRY COMEDY HOUR

By her own admission, Geraldine Ferraro was chosen as Walter Mondale's running-mate "to add a little excitement to the ticket." This was a shrewd move, because even though Mondale is a very decent person he is about as exciting as a PBS documentary on The Life Cycle of the Sponge. *Mrs. Ferraro, on the other hand, can be very entertaining, as evidenced by her recent television appearances in which she tried to explain her and her husband's income-tax returns.*

What the Democrats should do is to team Mondale and Mrs. Ferraro up in a comedy show along the lines of the old Burns and Allen series. Obviously, Mondale will have to be the straight man. He already smokes cigars (a little-known but true fact), has a blank expression, and seems capable of executing a double take. Mrs. Ferraro, on the other hand, has a very expressive face, a cute little tinny voice, and lots of stories about her relatives.

AND NOW, live from our studios in New York, it's *The Fritz & Gerry Comedy Hour*, starring Fritz Mondale and his unpredictable little running-mate, Geraldine Ferraro. [*Music, applause, etc.*]

FRITZ [*lighting up his cigar*]: Well, Gerry, I see in the papers that you and your husband, John Zaccaro, are having trouble over financial disclosures. What seems to be the problem?

GERRY: Well, you see, Fritz, my husband, John, is a very private person. Why, I couldn't even find out his name until we had been married a couple of months. And you should see him when we play Monopoly. The only way he'll show his property deeds is if I get a court order.

FRITZ: [*flicking an ash*]: That's private all right. But I sure hope you'll get the whole thing settled soon.

GERRY: Me too. I want to buy the Boardwalk if he's got it.

FRITZ: That reminds me, Gerry. You've done some speculating in real estate yourself, haven't you?

GERRY: Oh, sure. I get the instinct for it from my family. Did I ever tell you about my great-uncle Tony? He was a big real-estate speculator—but he was a little bit crazy. We had to watch him closely. Every time he went out for a walk, somebody would sell him the Brooklyn Bridge.

FRITZ: That was crazy all right.

GERRY: Oh, I don't know. He always managed to resell it at a good profit. In fact, the last time he sold it, I bought a half interest in it myself. And my husband, John, bought the other half.

FRITZ: Wait a minute, Gerry! You're trying to tell me that you and your husband, John, each own a half interest in the Brooklyn Bridge?

GERRY: I wish! Actually, I sold my half interest to finance my congressional campaign. But at least the property is still in the family. John bought my half from the guy I sold to.

FRITZ: Gerry, that is the dumbest thing I ever heard.

GERRY: Maybe. But if you get elected we're betting on inflation.

FRITZ: Gerry, I don't think you understand. I'm a fiscal conservative. I'm trying to find a way to balance the federal budget. Do you have any ideas?

GERRY: I wonder if I can talk John into selling you the Brooklyn Bridge.

FRITZ: I can see this isn't getting us anywhere. Let's talk about the San Francisco Convention, Gerry. Did you meet any interesting delegates while you were out there?

GERRY: And how! I met this one guy who was an immigrant from the Transvestite region of Central Europe.

FRITZ: Wait a minute, Gerry. You mean Trans-Alpine region.

GERRY: Look, Fritz. The guy's credentials were OK. I say let him dress any way he pleases.

FRITZ: Well, I guess that's about it. Say good night, Gerry.

GERRY: Good night Gerry! [*Music, applause, etc.*] □

Mr. Varnado, who is 54 years old, teaches at the University of South Alabama, where he frequently takes a nap during committee meetings.

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ROLL OVER, THOMAS CRANMER

EARLIER THIS YEAR, three directors of the Society for the Preservation of the Book of Common Prayer filed suit against the Society, seeking access to its list of contributors. Their purpose was to write to the contributors in order to clear up what they considered to be deceptions in the fundraising solicitations, and to tell the contributors why they thought the funds raised by the Society—a million and a half dollars in 1982 and 1983—had been badly spent, if not wasted. Where this will end is not yet known. The story begins in 1972.

Twelve years ago, the Society for the Preservation of the Book of Common Prayer (known for years by its familiar, if unwieldy, initials, SPBCP) was founded to do battle with Episcopal Church bureaucrats and tin-eared clerics. The goal was to prevent the adoption of a new, newspeak prayer book, and to preserve the "traditional," historic 1928 version—a version that was, despite a number of revisions, largely unchanged from the time of Thomas Cranmer, its author. The Episcopal Church has no statement of beliefs, no written doctrine, other than the text of its Prayer Book. What you read, and say, is what you believe.

The Society's first battle ended in only partial victory at the Episcopal Church's triennial convention in Denver in September 1979. (See "Creeping Sanity," *NR*, October 26, 1979.) Cranmer's grandeur was scrapped, in favor of a new, highly controversial Prayer Book that is at best inferior, at worst heretical. But a resolution—dubbed by the Society the Freedom of Choice Resolution—was also passed at that convention, allowing continued use of the 1928 book. Given the tenor of the times the Society had come through—the sick Sixties, the Vietnam era, and the development of trendier-than-thou theology in the Episcopal Church—the SPBCP's achievement was no small success.

The Society had prospered on hard work and devotion to its members, to whom it spoke the King's English, and who responded with a King's ransom: quite large sums of money—enough to enable it to do more than anyone expected at the 1979 convention.

The Wonders of Newspeak

ON THE board of directors in those days were three scholars: Cleanth Brooks, the noted literary critic and Faulkner scholar; John Aden, professor of English at Vanderbilt; and the Reverend William H. Ralston Jr., currently the rector of St. John's Church in Savannah. The Society was founded in Father Ralston's living room when he was a teacher at Sewanee, and he remained for years the Society's leading intellectual light. The scholarship of those three men, and the energy and dedication of the board, gave the Society, the largest lay organization in the Episcopal Church, its considerable moral force.

Time and new leadership have brought change. Under its current president, the Reverend Jerome Politzer, the Society itself has discovered the wonders of newspeak. The King's English has gone, and with it—of course—the devotion to accuracy of thought and deed that accuracy of word reflects. Contributors have been grumbling that junk language and money have become the front and back of the Society's coin. Hence the lawsuit, brought to restore the Society's credibility.

The plaintiffs are not casual dissidents. They are two former presidents of the Society and a former vice president. The Reverend K. Logan Jackson, now the rector of a courageous parish, St. James, in Pewee Valley, Kentucky, was the Society's president at the time of the adoption of the Freedom of Choice Resolution; Benjamin B. Alexander (now a professor at Hillsdale College) succeeded Father Jackson and traveled widely attempting to secure the partial victory that had been won at Denver; Daniel Oliver, a former vice president of the Society, was the principal draftsman of the Freedom of Choice Resolution.

Their objections to the fundraising letters go beyond the Society's new style—which has become pure fundraising jargon. Letters now begin with sentences like, "I would give anything if I could be sitting in your living room or kitchen right now." Sure.

Fundraiser's License

SUBSTANCE—accuracy—is the real issue. One letter signed by Politzer said, "Do you realize that we are adding over ten thousand new Prayer Book Society members a week to our rolls? A week! Not a month—not a year—but every single week." Balderdash! The Society currently has only about 26,000 contributors. What was Politzer talking about? If you assumed that each contribution represented a commitment from a family of, say, three, you could say those 26,000 contributors represented 78,000 "members." If you were to include, in addition, people who have given in the past but not recently, and multiplied that total by three, you might get the "membership" up to 150,000. But that was not what Politzer said. He said the Society was *adding* ten thousand *new* members "every week."

At the trial, Politzer, who might have saved face by hiding behind a fundraiser's license for hyperbole, chose to defend the claim. Over a period of several months before the letter was written (his argument ran), the Society had been collecting, at random, parish lists—lists of people who

Mr. Farmer is a lifelong Episcopalian who watches Episcopal Church affairs with sadness.

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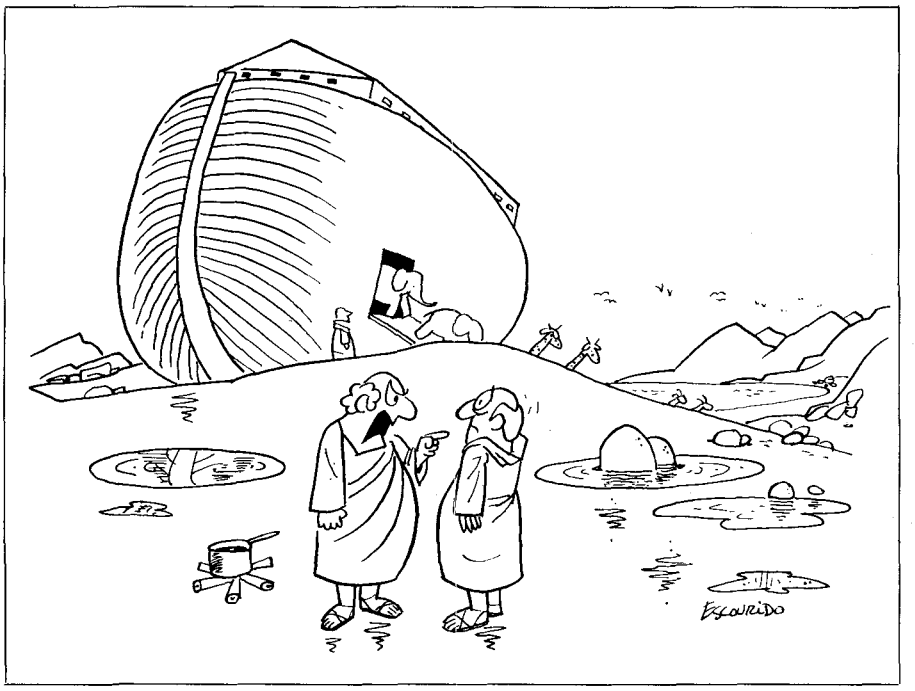
belong to various Episcopal churches throughout the country. The names of these people were added, without their knowledge, to the Society's computer list at a rate of about 15,000 a week. "So," said Politzer, "this term of ten thousand is really an understatement." And, Politzer's argument continues, "We have the Gallup poll to tell us that 80 per cent of the Episcopal Church support the free use of the 1928 Book of Common Prayer." (You see, 80 per cent of 15,000 is more than ten thousand.) On these bases, he justifies as "true" the statement that the Society was adding ten thousand new members every single week.

How many of the recipients of the Society's fundraising letter figured that one out?

The fact is, the Society wrote to several thousand of those people whose names had been gathered at random and invited them to join the Society. Fewer than 2.5 per cent replied. It is only *that* percentage that establishes how many of the thousands of people whose names were gathered at random might (without asking them) somehow be considered "members" in any common understanding of the word. By Politzer's reasoning, the full 80 per cent of the country's two and a half million Episcopalians could be said to be "members"—even though they're not all on the rolls yet.



"What do you mean, 'We've already used both matches'?"

New Math

ANOTHER LETTER said the Society had just added "over 120,000 Episcopalians to our subscription rolls." But how could that be, given the size of the Society? Father Politzer defended the claim on the witness stand by saying, "We were using this term subscription meaning subscribers to our point of view." Aha. But, as with the "ten thousand new Prayer Book Society members a week" he claims the Society was adding to its rolls, he doesn't actually know those people subscribe to the Society's point of view. Does he assume it on the basis of the Gallup percentage? He shouldn't, because in fact he knows full well what percentage of those people actually want to become members of the Society—it's the under 2.5 per cent that accepted the invitation to join. "I think we could say we added 150,000 names, and 80 per cent of those are supporters or subscribe to our point of view," and that is how he arrived at the 120,000 figure. How many of the recipients of the fundraising letter figured that one out?

Where did the 120,000 names actually come from? Well, it turned out they weren't *new* names at all. They were taken from one of the Society's lists and simply transferred over to the list for the *Mandate*, the Society's newsletter. How many of the recipients of the fundraising letter figured that one out? It's no wonder that Politzer claimed (albeit in another context) that "the heart and soul of the Society is data processing."

Press releases claimed the Society had established a publishing company and a radio and television network. Politzer conceded the publishing company had no staff, no printing press—that nothing objective was done to "establish" it other than to announce it existed. Another director made it clear on the witness stand that the statements were true because the Society had the ability to print books or reach multiple markets with television or radio programs. The plaintiffs' lawyer asked him, "I have the ability to do that. Am I a television network?"

"You could be if you so desired," answered the director—who apparently thinks the answer is so obvious that the Society's contributors should not be told of an alternative interpretation.

There were many other passages the plaintiffs objected to. But they had another complaint as well: The Society had raised and spent a million and a half dollars in 1982 and 1983 and had little to show for it. It had talked of providing "meaningful Sunday School programs to parishes across the country." That project is only now nearing completion—so how much of the million and a half could have been spent on it?

The Society talked of reaching out to the young people in the seminaries. That project remains uncompleted, indeed unbegun.

The "grass roots" of the Society, described in a letter as a "cohesive and powerful force," grew by only a few chapters—unless Politzer wants to call the long list of names of people who don't even know they're on the list a "cohesive and powerful force."

Where did all the money go? Into gathering the long list of names, which is so long the Society can't afford either to write letters to the people on it or send the *Mandate* to them. Also, almost $200,000 was spent by the Society on the 1982 convention. And, of course, there was the running of the office, and the fundraising.

Some of the contributors began to wonder about the Society's claims and wrote to the editor of the *Mandate* asking why the Society was always in need of funds if it had so many supporters. They also asked when the things the Society said it was going to do were going to get done.

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A recent, plaintive letter from an SPBCP member to Father Jackson suggests that the huge sums of money the Society now can raise haven't enabled it to keep up its former practice of ministering to individuals. "Dear Reverend Jackson, You once said if you could help me you would after you resigned as president of PBS. I apologize for bothering you but feel since the Society did not respond to my questions and problems I have to lean on someone."

These are some of the things done, and left undone, that the plaintiffs want to bring to the attention of the Society's contributors. (The plaintiffs have specified they don't want possession of the mailing list; they just want a letter mailed to the people on it, and they are not even asking the Society to pay the mailing costs.) In May, the Society's majority directors won the first round in Chancery Court in Memphis, Tennessee. The plaintiffs are appealing.

Even as the Society continues to resist the plaintiffs' demands, Politzer wrote a letter of explanation to a contributor as word of the Society's scandal began to leak out. Said Politzer, winning the 1984 Award for Irony, "Because you have been a steadfast supporter of the Prayer Book Society, you have a right to know all the facts."

But even knowing all the facts—which will leak out with or without the assistance of the legal process ("Everybody knows everything."—Burnham's first law)—what could the contributors do? They have no voice or vote in the election of the directors, who elect themselves. Some may write letters of complaint. Most will probably withhold their contributions . . . and then drift away. SPBCP, RIP. Only if the contributors see corrective action being taken by the directors are they likely to remain enthusiastic supporters.

Contributors' Rights

THE CASE raises a larger issue than the truth of a single organization's fundraising letters. What are the responsibilities of directors of a charitable organization that raises its money through the mail? What are the rights of the contributors? If minority directors can't write to them over the objections of the majority directors, how can contributors ever get a second opinion on the health of the organization? Contributors to a local hospital can visit the building, talk to the directors, ask the patients about the care they are receiving—can, themselves, check up on how their contributions are being spent. They can rely on local newspapers to investigate and report. Contributors to "mail-order" organizations don't have that opportunity. The government, in this case the U.S. Postal Service, could be the guardian of the contributors' rights—but probably no more efficiently than it delivers the mail. The best way to guarantee the integrity of an organization and the rights of its contributors is to allow minority directors to communicate with the contributors. Where credibility is at stake, action by the organization itself is the best method of effecting its preservation—or restoration.

But instead of taking such action, the Prayer Book Society is stonewalling: denying there were ever *any* inaccuracies, hoping word of the scandal won't get out, and hoping, hoping, *hoping* that the trial judge, who was severely distracted by spurious issues, won't get reversed on appeal.

The contributors, meanwhile, will discover that their contributions don't produce anything of value. Some will abandon the effort to reform the Episcopal Church. Some will join other organizations, old or new, dedicated to telling the truth about the Episcopal Church in the way the Prayer Book Society once did. The struggle within the Church will go on. But it looks now as if the Prayer Book Society—absent new leadership and renewed credibility—will no longer be a major force in that struggle. □

Glorobots

A young microcomputer was frank
About dating a macro named Hank,
    Because of his size,
    His bicameral eyes,
And the wealth in his memory bank.

A robot of striking perfections
Was found upon psychic dissections
    To be wholesome, humane,
    And enlightened—but vain
Of his multiple neural connections.

A robot could not get the hang
Of deciphering humanoid slang,
    And expended a lot
    Of robotical thought
On such arcane matters as "Dang!"

An old office robot felt goaded
To show that he wasn't outmoded,
    So he made his desk neat,
    Gaily put up his feet,
Lit up a cigar—and exploded.

A robot sat scowling and scorning,
And said to mechanics at Corning,
    "You know that I am
    Just not worth a damn
Till I have my juice in the morning."

A computer of verbal urbanity
Indulges its personal vanity
    By loading the stalls
    With a volume it calls
A Robotical Guide to Humanity.

GLORIA A. MAXSON

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AN ABSORI

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have bumpers that are four times as strong
as the law demands. That's something
GM, Chrysler, even Mercedes can't say.

Some manufacturers equip their cars with bumpers that just meet federal standards.

But at Ford, every car we make comes with bumpers designed to absorb impacts of 5 mph, *minimum*. That's four times as strong as the government mandates.

Why is this so important to you? Because according to State Farm Insurance

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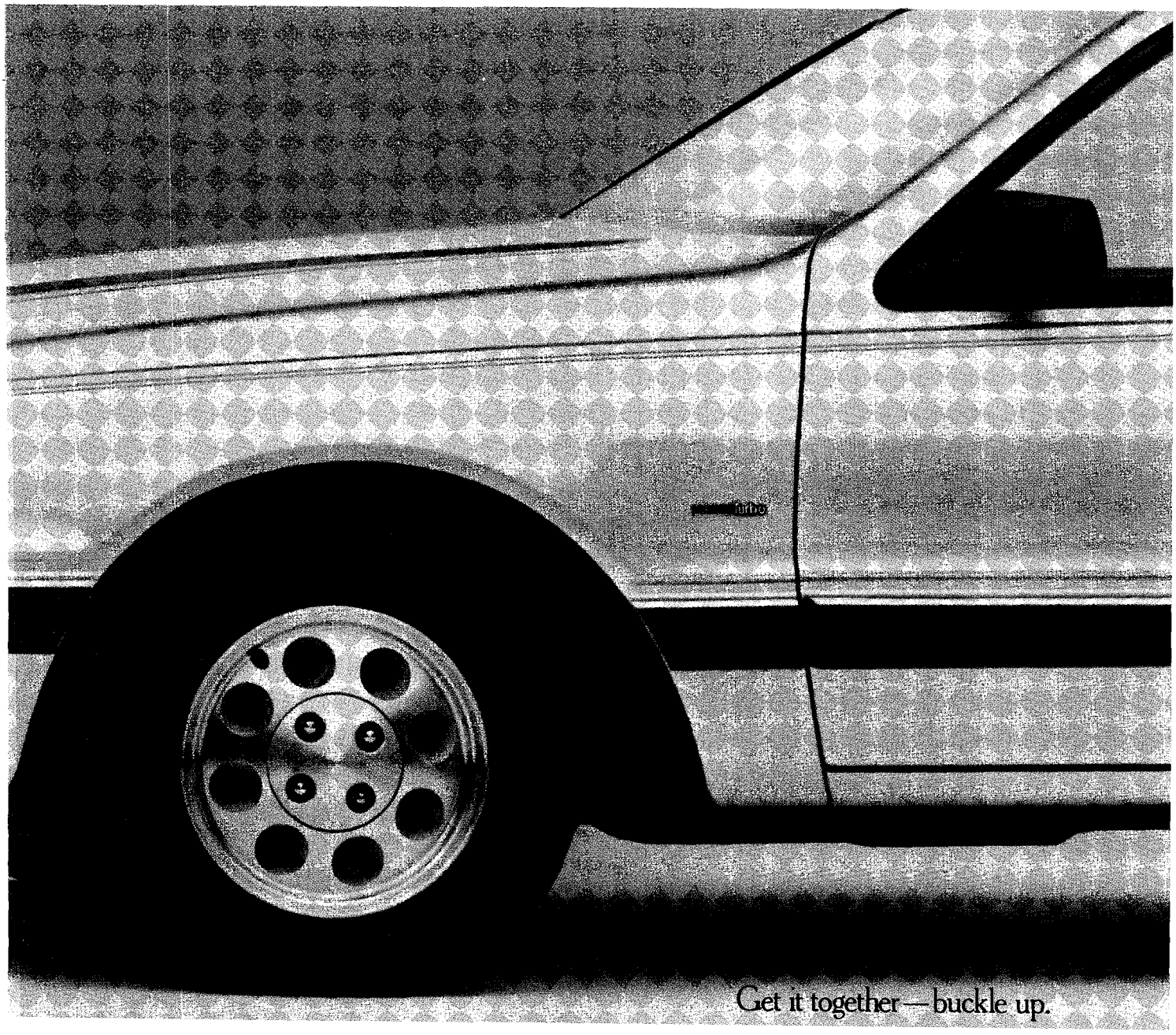

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Companies, nearly half of all front-center accidents involve impacts which our bumpers are made to withstand.

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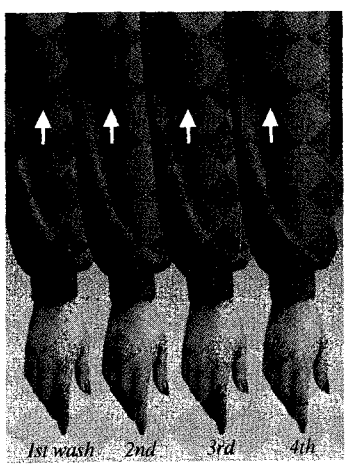
VISA®. It's America's Freedom Fabric!

1. Freedom From Stain Worries:

And what a joy! Once you've lived with VISA† you'll discover that it washes brighter and cleaner than many other fabrics you're used to. You see, many other fabrics simply "lock in" stains. And sometimes, those stains never come out. But VISA is made to release most oily dirt right in your washer; those tough stains break up and disappear.



Ordinary fabrics

VISA comes clean in one wash.

2. Freedom From Dingy Grayness:

You know how some of your white clothing looks dull after you've washed it? How colors don't quite look their brightest? That's because many fabrics actually "pick up" dirt from the wash water. But not VISA. Because VISA does not attract oily dirt, your "dingy" problems are over. A blouse or anything made of VISA comes out looking its brightest.

3. Freedom To Be Comfortable:

In hot weather, especially, many fabrics can feel hot and sticky on your skin. Actually uncomfortable. The reason is that these fabrics trap your skin's natural moisture and odors. Give you that "clammy," not-fresh feeling. But VISA "moves" the moisture

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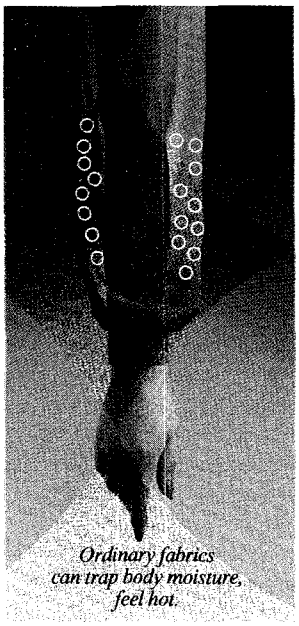
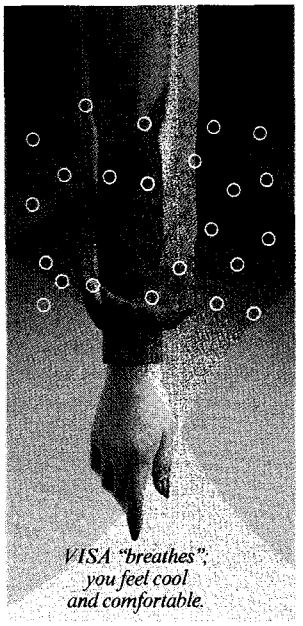
away from the skin...with all the comfort and wonderful wearability you could ever want. The result? With VISA, you feel cool and fresh.



Ordinary fabrics can trap body moisture, feel hot.



VISA "breathes", you feel cool and comfortable.

4. Freedom From Wear And Care:

The truth is, not every fabric can stand up to the wear and tear of everyday living or stay its best after repeated washings. And some fabrics simply need a lot of attention to keep looking good. But VISA is made to wear longer, look brighter and fresher longer. It even releases wrinkles and will hold its shape beautifully...wash after wash.

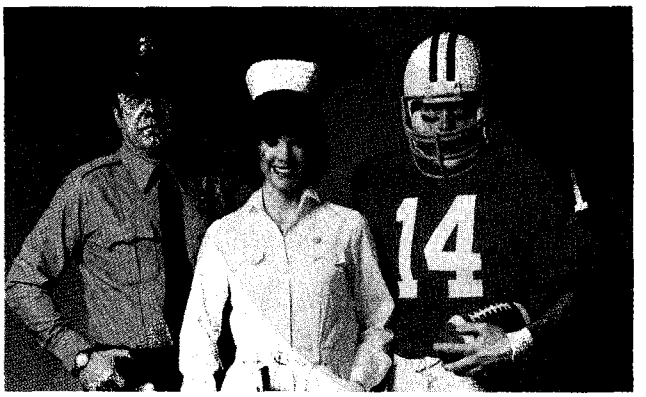
5. Freedom To Save Money:

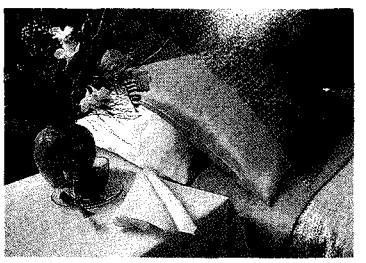
One of the real pluses VISA gives you is its marvelous machine washability. Imagine not having to spend all that money for dry cleaning. Today, that can be a real saving. Then, too, things made of VISA not only last longer, they look newer longer, as well. After all, the longer things last, the less often you have to replace them.

6. Freedom Of Choice:

Now, you can surround yourself with a whole world of high-performance VISA products. From family apparel to on-the-job or sports uniforms to sneakers to fashions for your home. Count on VISA to give you the ease and comfort you want.

Why not discover the fantastic freedom of VISA for yourself? Just look for the VISA tag where you shop. And once you've tried it, you'll know why VISA, made of





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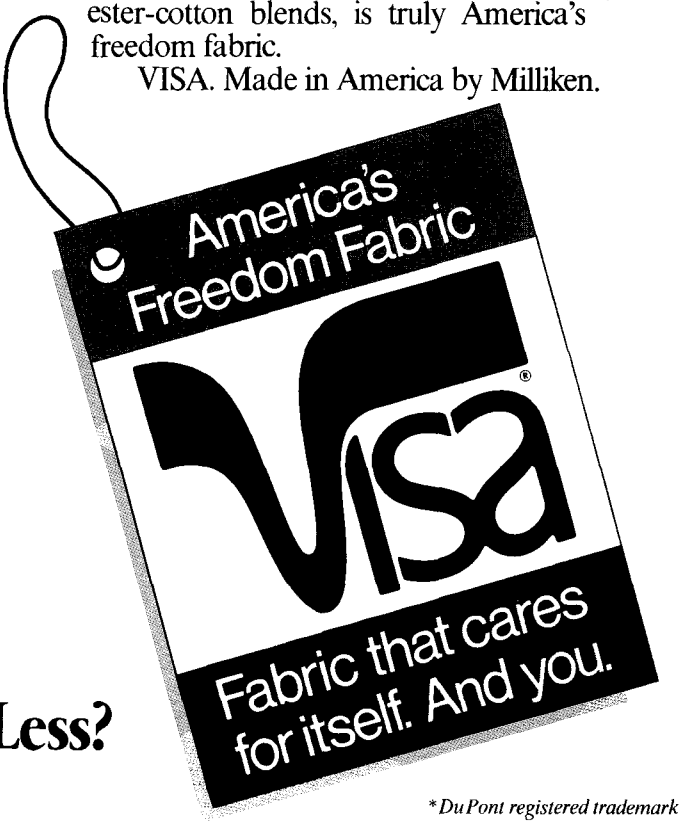
VISA. Made in America by Milliken.



Why Settle For Anything Less?

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†VISA is a registered trademark of Milliken & Company for fabrics.

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CONSERVATIVE *Flirtation*

Conservative Populism— A DEAD END

JOSEPH F. JOHNSTON JR.

IN THE LAST two or three years, a new species has evolved in the bestiary of American politics—the "conservative populist." Suddenly, it seems, conservatives are competing for the mantle formerly worn by William Jennings Bryan, Tom Watson, Lyndon B. Johnson, and George Wallace.

What is the explanation for this phenomenon? Is it the product of advanced Madison Avenue doublethink, or just election-year silliness? ("Populism" sounds like "popular"; therefore, it will win votes.) Or does the adoption of populist terminology reflect a deeper problem, perhaps even a serious split, within the conservative movement?

It is possible that advocates of "conservative populism" do not fully understand what populism is. Let's begin with a bit of history. The populist movement originated in the American South and West during the 1870s and '80s among poor farmers hit by a devastating series of agricultural depressions. The movement grew out of local "farmers' alliances," whose original purpose was to promote cooperative buying and selling, and to help farmers get credit. Since the farmers' principal problems were low crop prices and lack of credit, the alliance leaders eventually began to demand inflation of the money supply as a remedy for agricultural ills. The alliances also fought against price discrimination and excessive rates charged by the railroads that served farm areas. There is no doubt that many of the farmers' grievances were legitimate.

In 1890-92, the leaders of the alliance movement succeeded in turning it into a national "People's Party." The Omaha Platform of the new party, adopted in July 1892, became the basis for subsequent populist programs. It called for abolition of national banks, substitution of new issuances of legal-tender treasury notes "in sufficient volume to do the business of the country on a cash system," free and unlimited coinage of silver, and, in addition, government ownership of the means of transportation and communication. The populists proposed other measures that would hardly seem radical today, such as popular election of senators, a graduated income tax, an eight-hour day, and the initiative and referendum. Many of these measures were later adopted at either the federal or the state level.

At their 1892 convention, the populists nominated a former "Greenbacker" from Iowa, General James B. Weaver, as their candidate for President. The new party, campaigning principally on the "free silver" issue, captured more than a million votes and carried four states. The free-silver proposal had proved its popularity. According to the silver advocates, all the nation's ills could be cured by the simple technique of restoring silver to its role as a medium of coinage. So politically powerful was this simplistic notion that, in 1896, the Democrats moved to preempt it by adopting a free-silver plank and nominating William Jennings Bryan, who electrified the convention with the most famous populist speech of all time, in which he declared that "you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold." The Populist Party also nominated Bryan in 1896. Its platform continued to advocate free silver, as well as more radical measures such as government ownership of railroads and telephone systems.

Bryan conceded that he knew little about the monetary system. "The people of Nebraska are for free silver and I am for free silver. I will look up the arguments later." This is the authentic voice of populism. What the people seem to want (sensible or not) is what the candidate proposes.

After 1896, the Populist Party withered away, since its most popular issue had been stolen by the Democrats and many of its other proposals were enacted at the federal or state level. But populist politicians did not disappear; they simply moved into the Democratic Party. (Today, it seems, they may have strayed further afield.)

The essence of populism was, and is, a simplistically conspiratorial view of history and economics. The preamble to the People's Party platform of 1892 stated: "A vast conspiracy against mankind has been organized on two continents, and it is rapidly taking possession of the world." The evil conspirators were "the gold bugs," "the moneyed interests," big banks, Wall Street, corporations, and capitalists generally. The victims were "the people" or "the ordinary man."

Hostility to business (particularly big business) has been a permanent feature of the populist mentality from the 1880s to the "urban populism" of the

Mr. Johnston lives in Alexandria, Virginia, and is the author of The Limits of Government, *recently published by Regnery Gateway.*

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1970s. The populist politician of the 1890s whipped up the voters by attacking Wall Street, big banks, and the railroads; today, he attacks Wall Street, big banks, and utilities generally. Keeping utility rates as low as possible is his favorite sport.

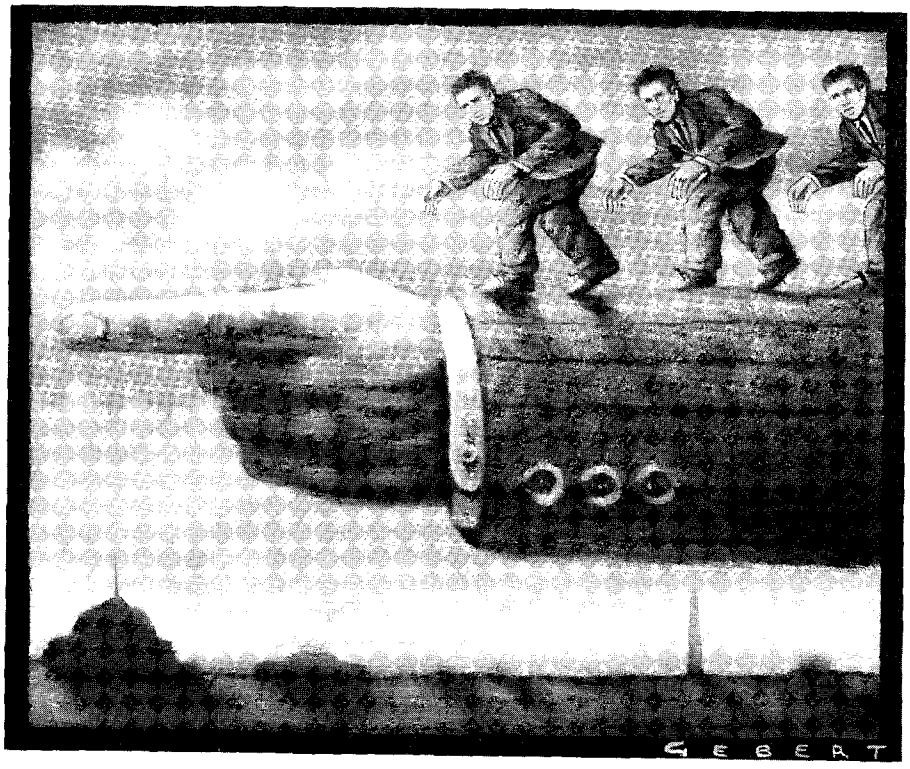
The symbol of all evil for the original populists was gold. The manipulators of gold, operating through "the secret cabals of the international gold ring," controlled all the world's finance and commerce. As the historian Richard Hofstadter has pointed out, the populists' gold-conspiracy theory, aside from being incorrect, was strongly anti-Semitic. Populist writers identified Jews with usurers and with the "international gold ring." References to "Shylocks" were common. An Associated Press reporter commented on "the extraordinary hatred of the Jewish race" manifested at the Populist convention in 1896.

Southern populists slipped easily into the habit of anti-black racism. Perhaps the best-known example was Tom Watson, a Georgian who was the Populist Party nominee for Vice President in 1896 and has remained a folk hero of populists for generations. (He was one of Jimmy Carter's favorite spiritual ancestors.) Earlier in his career, Watson had proposed an alliance of poor blacks and poor whites to fight against the moneyed interests. Later on, when white opinion in the South moved in the direction of the Ku Klux Klan, Watson moved with it. His hostilities were eclectic: He was anti-Jewish and anti-Catholic, as well as being anti-black. Tom Watson was not unique. Populist politicians all over the South took similar paths. (Alabama populists in the 1920s got votes by claiming that the Pope planned to sail up the Alabama River in a gunboat and take over the White House in Montgomery.)

Genuine leadership consists of telling people unpalatable truths. Populism, on the other hand, revels in telling them exactly what they most want to hear

As soon as the political wind shifts, the populist changes direction. A good example is the conversion of George Wallace (an archetypal populist) when he perceived the need for courting black voters. If, through some diabolical chain of events, racism became popular once more, populist politicians would be the first to climb aboard the bandwagon.

In America, populism has always been a movement of the Left. The populist program of the 1890s advocated nationalization of a significant segment of the economy, and would have set in motion a permanently inflationary monetary and credit policy specifically designed to favor debtors over creditors. One obvious effect of such measures would have been a substantial redistribution of wealth. Such solutions are permanent fixtures of populist agitation: The "urban populism" of the 1970s advocated public ownership of utilities, extra-heavy taxation of large corporations, and universal health care at public expense.



In brief, populism was founded on economic fallacies, simplistic remedies, and a conspiracy theory of history. It spawned a recognizable political type: the demagogue whose success is predicated on sensing exactly which way the wind is blowing at any particular moment. It would not be accurate to classify populism as a "radical" movement in the European sense. It never advocated violent revolution or Marxist solutions. (The proposal for government ownership of railroads was included in populist manifestos but never made much headway.) But populism has always pushed in the direction of egalitarianism, anti-capitalism, government intervention, regulation, and inflation.

It seems clear from this brief analysis of the history and theory of populism that it has nothing to offer to conservatives. How, then, are we to explain the sudden eagerness of some conservatives to call themselves "populists"?

Perhaps we may find a clue in Richard Viguerie's recent book, *The Establishment vs. the People*, which openly advocates a "populist revolt." In this book, Viguerie blames all of the nation's problems on the "elite," also known as the "establishment." These insidious folks include such normal populist targets as Big Bankers and Big Business. They also include some of those who are typically, and often legitimately, included on conservative hit lists: Big Government, Big Education, and Big Media. (For Viguerie, everything big is also bad, except for big clichés.) Most of the players on →

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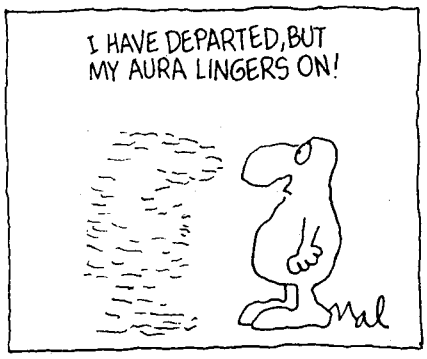
hel!!!!



MONDALE ASSUMES HIS POSITION ON A MUTUALLY VERIFIABLE FREEZE.

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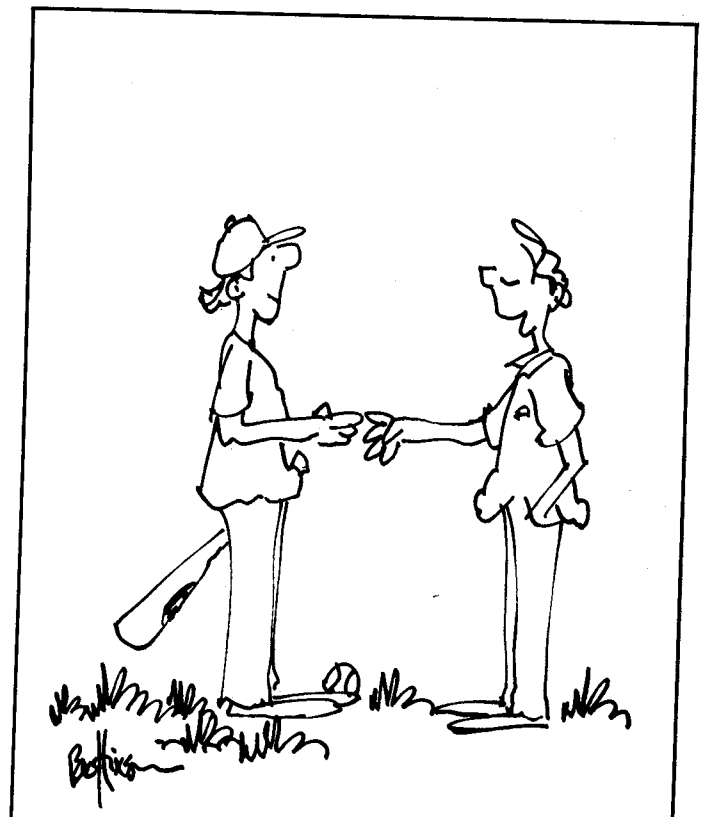
Six Weeks to Go

Beware the ripe banana peel;
  Eschew a *Playboy* interview.
Stay clear of gals in deshabille,
  And to the IRS be true.
If Gerry gyrates on the stump,
  Remember Circe and the swine.
All Mondale needs is one more bump
  Before he settles in decline.

W. H. VON DREELE



"J. Brady Whittlebomb III—old money. And you?"

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the Big Enemy team, it appears, went to Ivy League schools. The message is clear: If you want to play on the good guys' team, avoid the Ivy League like the bubonic plague. (Out of zeal for the truth, I am forced to reveal that I went to not one, but two Ivy League schools. Clearly, I am beyond redemption.)

Everything that is wrong with the country, in Viguerie's view of things, is the fault of the "establishment." The various Biggies have effectively conspired to burden us with inflation, taxes, welfare, and much, much more. Why big businessmen, lawyers, bankers, and other moguls would want to inflict these evils upon themselves is never explained.

If one has the patience to sift through the rhetoric, Viguerie's solutions include some sound proposals: cut taxes, cut federal spending, deregulate, encourage savings, and support a strong defense. These proposals undoubtedly deserve conservative support. But they have nothing whatever to do with populism. Viguerie even advocates a return to the gold standard—conceivably a sound idea, but the very antithesis of everything populism has ever stood for. A populist? Advocating a gold standard?? What's going on here?

Either Viguerie is ignorant of the history and meaning of populism, in which case his analysis lacks credibility; or he is aware of it, in which case his book is a blatant attempt to deceive his audience by the deliberate misuse of terminology.

Viguerie's book contains numerous quotations from elected officials and conservative spokesmen who are identified as espousing populism, or at least as adopting populist rhetoric. This can only confirm the cynicism of those who have learned by experience that public figures will say anything to curry favor with the electorate.

Genuine leadership consists of telling people unpalatable truths. Populism, on the other hand, revels in telling them exactly what they most want to hear: that their troubles are caused by a secret cabal of bankers, Ivy Leaguers, union leaders, or other elite malefactors. That conservatives are willing to take the easy road to popularity by embracing the simplistic and deceptive rhetoric of populism is an extremely bad sign. Subsidies are popular; easy money is popular; "soaking the rich" is popular; buying votes with expensive government programs is popular; cutting taxes is popular. The voters seem to want all of these things at once. The populist will promise all of them, and whatever else a temporary majority seems to want. What we need, instead, is politicians who care more about their country than about being "popular." A latter-day Diogenes, searching for such men, would have a long and lonely quest.

Populism is an unruly horse that always dominates its riders. Conservatives would be well advised to avoid the temptations of facile rhetoric and return to the difficult task of limiting government and providing responsible leadership. □

A Populist, AND PROUD OF IT

RICHARD A. VIGUERIE

IN SOME CIRCLES the term "populist" is a synonym for "demagogue"—just as, among most blacks in the South, the word "conservative" is plainly and simply a synonym for "segregationist." To say that every populist is a demagogue is as wrong as accusing every conservative of racism.

The 1980s-style populists I describe in *The Establishment vs. the People* are anti-racist, compassionate, anti-Communist, future-oriented, and grounded in traditional values while sympathetic to libertarianism. They promote economic growth and a return of power from the Federal Government to the states and localities and to the individual. They are not anarchists; as Newt Gingrich says, "We should be building Panama Canals, not just keeping them." But they are deeply suspicious of the use of government power to benefit (surprise!) the people who run the government.

Populists stand in opposition to the elitists who believe that people are not smart enough to manage their own affairs and that, therefore, the government should select intelligent, qualified persons to run society—"intelligence" and "qualifications" being measured by the degree to which a person conforms to an establishment stereotype.

If there is a better word than "populist" to describe the people I'm referring to, I will gladly use it. In 1982 my magazine, *Conservative Digest*, ran a contest to find a better word, and there were *six hundred entries*, but nobody came up with anything better than "populist." So I guess we're stuck with it.

Maybe that's not so bad. The People's (or Populist) Party of the 1890s was not, after all, the band of racists and socialists that some writers have described. In some cases it advocated socialist measures, to break up the concentration of power in the hands of the establishment. But it did so because the establishment had first used the power of government to enrich itself at the expense of farmers and workers.

The Populists opposed the deliberately deflationary policies undertaken by the establishment after the Civil War; deflation increased the value of the debts that farmers, entrepreneurs, and the American Government owed to banks and other creditors. Populists were outraged that Congress had dropped the silver dollar from the nation's coinage in order to put a lid on the money supply and benefit bondholders and the Eastern financial community. (Modern populists support the gold standard for the same reason that the 1890s Populists supported the coinage of silver: because the alternative is to allow the establishment to manipulate the money supply to its own ends.)

The Populists of the 1890s wanted a graduated income tax, but they were not for high taxes. They would have considered the lowest tax rate under any of the current flat-rate proposals to be far too high (except perhaps on the top 1 or 2 per cent of income-

Mr. Viguerie is publisher of Conservative Digest.

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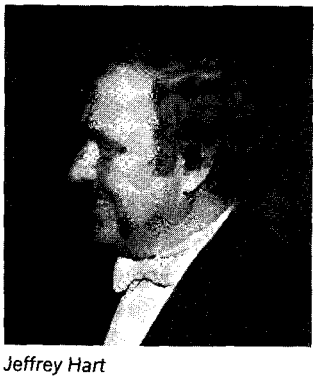

Jeffrey Hart

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earners). In the addendum to their 1892 platform, they included a resolution that "the revenue derived from a graduated income tax should be applied to the reduction of the burden of taxation now levied upon the domestic industries of this country."

They favored government ownership of the railroads, but only because the government, through the use of land grants and restrictions on interstate commerce, had given the railroads a monopoly as oppressive as any ever held by a British tea company. For example, the California Pacific Railroad used bribery to gain control of the California legislature, which cut off other railroads' access to California ports for three decades. Its rates were so high that it was cheaper to send a keg of nails around the tip of South America by ship than across the country by rail. During one four-year period, the government gave the railroads some one hundred million acres of land, along with monopolies on each line.

The Populists came to the conclusion that they had to fight fire with fire—that the only way to challenge the political power of the railroads was with political power. Even so, they recognized the danger of the course they were taking; any government-owned railroad, their platform said, should be "placed under a civil-service regulation of the most rigid character, so as to prevent the increase of the power of the national Administration by the use of such additional government employees." (Today we know from bitter experience that socialism never spreads power, but concentrates it.)

What else did the Populists support? A secret ballot. The right of workers to organize. The direct election of senators. Initiative and referendum. An end to the monopolies created by government. "We believe that the money of the country should be kept as much as possible in the hands of the people, and hence we demand that all state and national revenues shall be limited to the necessary expenses of the government, economically and honestly administered," they said in their platform of 1892.

What did they oppose? The use of government labor to drive wages down artificially. The murder of strikers. High tariffs used not to protect jobs but to line the pockets of Big Business. ". . . any subsidy or national aid to any private corporation for any purpose."

And most of them were as anti-racist as anyone in public life at the time. The Populist senator from North Carolina was elected with the support of blacks. In Louisiana, Populist candidates were attacked as members of "the Populist-Negro social-equality ticket." The party's stand against lynching led one newspaper to accuse it of "inferentially" approving the rape of white women.

I don't agree with every position the Populists took—some of their stands, like those of 1890s Republicans and Democrats, seem absurd today—but it is nonsense to attack the use of the word "populist" because of something William Jennings Bryan or Ignatius Donnelly or Tom Watson said or did. Like "liberal," "conservative," "Republican," or "Democrat," it is a perfectly good word when used in context.

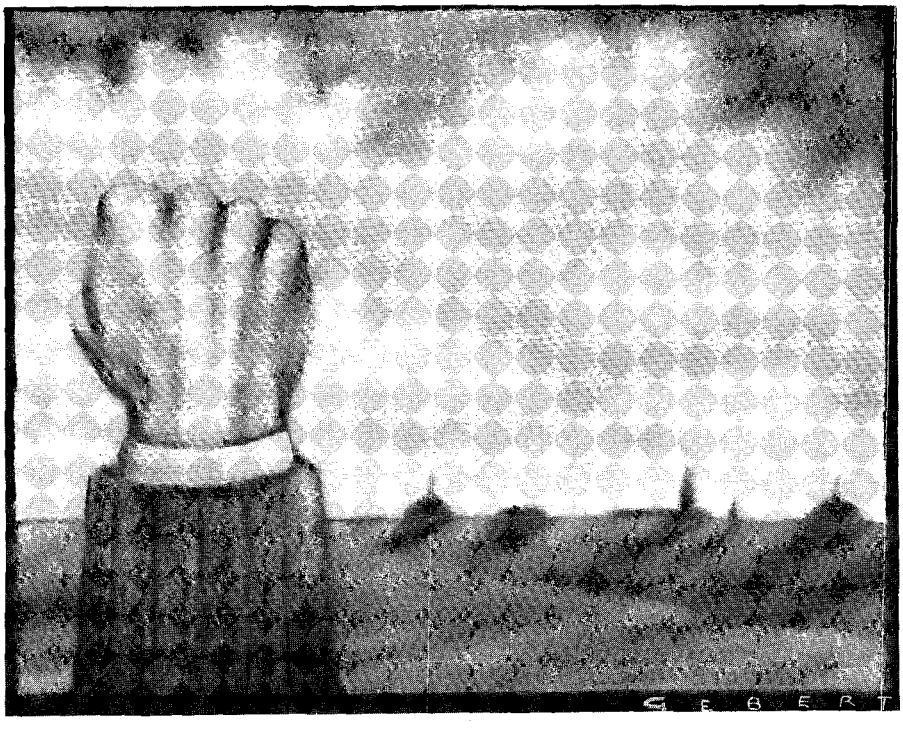
What did the Populists oppose? The murder of strikers. High tariffs used not to protect jobs but to line the pockets of Big Business

What, then, do I mean by "populist"? Since I don't have room to summarize my book in this space, I will simply refer you to Thomas Jefferson.

> Men by their constitution are naturally divided into two parties. 1) Those who fear and distrust the people, and wish to draw all powers from them into the hands of the higher classes. 2) Those who identify themselves with the people, have confidence in them, cherish and consider them as the most honest and safe, although not the most wise depository of the public interests.
>
> In every country these two parties exist, and in every one where they are free to think, speak, and write, they will declare themselves. Call them therefore liberals and serviles, Jacobins and Ultras, Whigs and Tories, republicans and federalists, they are the same parties still and pursue the same object.

Or call them, as I do, populists and elitists.

A wise man once said that he would rather be governed by the first thousand names in the Boston telephone book than by the faculty of Harvard, and I agree. I trust the people. That's why I'm a conservative and a populist, and proud of it. □



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MOTHER, NOT TEACHER?

WHEN CATHOLIC theologians want to announce something patently absurd, they are sometimes inclined to invoke as protective cover "the spirit of Vatican II." The meaning seems to be: "Anything goes."

Thus, Archbishop John O'Connor had no sooner said publicly that Geraldine Ferraro had misstated "the position of the Church" on abortion than Professor Daniel C. Maguire of Marquette University handed the *New York Times* a list of 55 U.S. Catholic theologians (out of two thousand) who hold that the archbishop is wrong. A letter from Maguire to the *Times* followed: "Archbishop O'Connor's basic problem is that he is not a theologian, nor do I as a theologian find him well informed on the complex Catholic theology of abortion."

To which the appropriate riposte surely is: "Professor Maguire's basic problem is that he is not a bishop, and he does not seem well informed on the complex Catholic relation between theologians and bishops."

"The Vatican Council II," Maguire goes on, feeling sorry for the archbishop, "should have taught Archbishop O'Connor that the Church is not constituted by the bishops alone but by all of us. Thus, even if the bishops are monolithic on some issues, it does not mean that the Church is."

The very same day, September 16, the *Times*—America's own *L'Osservatore Romano*—carried a rebuke of the Holy See by Thomas Sheehan, a professor of philosophy at Chicago's Loyola. Cardinal Ratzinger's recent instruction on liberation theology, the professor flatly said, does not "reflect any kind of sophisticated or nuanced conception of the issues at stake." Poor Vatican. Poor Pope John Paul II, who gave his "full approval."

The document, Professor Sheehan goes on, "speaks of 'Marxism' much the way President Reagan and the *Reader's Digest* do—as if it were nothing but a monolithic and unchanging totalitarian doctrine." Professor Sheehan knows better: "In fact, atheism is not necessarily essential to Marxist theory." At the very least, "this is a matter of serious scholarly debate among both Marxists and non-Marxists." (They hold these debates in the Politburo?) "Only the Vatican" holds that Marxism denies the freedom, rights, and dignity of human beings.

The professor careens from side to side. First he suggests that revisionist Marxism is actually quite liberal, so why not accept it? Then he says that liberation theologians are by no means "swallowing the entire Marxist theory and practice." He finds liberation theology one of the Church's "more promising new developments." Because of its Marxism, or because of its non-Marxism?

It might be thought that the professor may know a thing or two about Marxism that poor Pope John Paul II does not, the latter having for some 35 years lived, argued, and worked among Marxists. The professor's "problem," like that of Professor Maguire, is that he is not the pope. Alas, the real pope, John Paul II, gave "full approval" to Ratzinger's instructions:

> A major fact of our time ought to evoke the reflection of all those who would sincerely work for the true liberation of their brothers: Millions of our own contemporaries legitimately yearn to recover those basic freedoms of which they were deprived by totalitarian and atheistic regimes which came to power by violent and revolutionary means, precisely in the name of the liberation of the people. This shame of our time cannot be ignored: While claiming to bring them freedom, these regimes keep whole nations in conditions of servitude which are unworthy of mankind. Those who, perhaps inadvertently, make themselves accomplices of similar enslavements betray the very poor they mean to help.

Actually, the Ratzinger instruction—some 35 pages of it—is marvelously generous and nuanced. It accuses no liberation theologians by name. But it does lay out, step by step, with the sort of brilliance Reinhold Niebuhr exemplified in his own work on Marxism and Christianity in the 1930s, the sharp differences between "Marxist analysis" and "Christian analysis." It wishes not to hand stones to those who ask for bread.

THERE IS a larger lesson in these events. Ever since Vatican II (1962-65) "opened up" the Catholic Church, theologians here and abroad have arrogated to themselves more and more power. It is not as if what they are saying were so terribly original. Nearly all of it is imitative. Pretending to read "the signs of the times" (a charism of grace, after all), they mostly get them wrong.

The liberation theologians of Latin America, even their most ardent defenders admit, have chosen formulations about class struggle, the abolition of private property, and other items of "Marxist analysis" that the more soft-minded and humanistic may read one way, and the more brutal and cynical another. In a contest between the "soft utopians" and the "hard utopians," Niebuhr learned from experience, the latter always win, as they did in 1917 and have done in every other socialist paradise since. Pope John Paul II, through Cardinal Ratzinger, calls for "critical discernment" before it is too late.

There are times for free dissent, and times for authoritative clarity. Since 1965, Rome has practiced great openness, has listened much, and seems now to be making up its mind on several disputed issues. Someone in the pages of NATIONAL REVIEW once said of a papal encyclical, "*Mater, sí! Magistra, no!*" Is it now the Left that wants Mother, not Teacher? □

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THE RESTLESS BALKANS

RUMANIA HAS BEEN much in the news lately because of the decision by Rumanian ruler Nicolae Ceausescu (pronounced Chowsheskoo) to flout Soviet wishes and let his country participate in the Olympic Games this summer, which it did most successfully, winning a total of 53 medals, including twenty golds. But occasional gestures of independence shouldn't obscure the fact that the Socialist Republic of Rumania is a national-socialist state; it practices a rigid state capitalism hostile to free enterprise and private property, and it suppresses ethnic (in Europe we would say national) minorities, the largest of these being about two million Hungarians.

Rumania was the biggest winner in the First World War. The lands it took from Hungary are larger than present-day Hungary, and these areas —Transylvania and parts of the Hungarian plain—were by far the most advanced in the country. (They also contain a sizable German minority.) Since private capitalism is the uneven distribution of wealth, and socialism is the even distribution of poverty, these people had to be brought down to the common level of indigence. And since they spoke a different language and had a different religion from their new compatriots, they became a natural target for "assimilation." The Hungarians are still suspected of wanting to rejoin their fatherland, especially since Transylvania, with its highly gifted population, was the cradle of Hungarian national sentiment.

The Rumanians are anti-Russian, and with good reason. While they both practice basically the same religion —Eastern Orthodoxy—the Rumanians consider themselves to be Latins (theirs is a Romance language) and resent Soviet attempts to Slavicize them. In addition, the Soviets took Bessarabia, which belongs historically to Moldavia, a constituent part of Rumania. Bessarabia has to this day a Rumanian majority, who are forced by the Soviets to write Rumanian in Cyrillic characters.

Rumania is the most Stalinist of the Eastern satellites and is beset by the worst economic plight of any of them. But the country is very rich physically. It boasts fertile plains with excellent soil, extensive forests, and productive mines; it even has its own oil. Unfortunately, the Rumanians, though intellectually and artistically gifted, are not hard workers, and their rigid socialist economy makes matters worse. Olympic victories, or even feats like the construction of a canal creating a shortcut from the Danube to the Black Sea, don't fill stomachs.

Yugoslavia, Rumania's neighbor to the west, is both geographically and politically further removed from the Soviet Union. Yugoslavia is composed of three "ruling nationalities" and several minorities, of which latter the Magyars, the Bulgars, and the even more dissatisfied Albanians are the largest. The ruling South Slavs (*yugo* means south) consist of the Slovenes (who for seven hundred years lived in closest intimacy with the Austrians), the Croats (who were united with the Hungarians for nine hundred years), and the Serbs (who were under Turkish rule for 450 years). Imagine these nationalities as pre-Civil War equivalents of Vermonters, Virginians, and Arizonans, with the Arizonans in the saddle, and in between an assortment of little Quebecs, Cubas, and Hawaiis.

The latest development in Yugoslavia is in no way reassuring. Tito's successors are trying desperately to tighten the ideological controls, although every child knows that Marxism is intellectually bankrupt. There is vigorous opposition to Marxism in many of the universities, as well as among writers, artists, and thinking people in general. The intellectual opposition finds an echo among ethnics.

WHAT UNITES the South Slavs, who are culturally so different from each other? The answer, almost entirely, is pressure from above. It was the Serb occupation and the intrigues of certain politicians working hand in hand with the Allies in World War I that resulted in Yugoslavia's formation in 1919. In World War II it was the alliance between the West and Tito partisans that did the trick. And at present it's the iron grip of the *Savez Komunista* (Communist League), a secret police that murders dissidents at home and abroad. And, last but not least, there is the common fear of a Soviet invasion. Right now, this is the most effective glue.

The rulers in Belgrade capitalize on this fear, using it to enforce their own ideology and to make anti-Western propaganda. The fear can also be used when dealing with the West; it often enables the Yugoslavs to play the Soviets and the West off against each other. All in all, it is a clever game, in the best Balkan manner. (Remember, the Serbs are Balkans; the Croats and Slovenes are not.) This game will continue until the world constellation permits this unhappily synthetic country to fall asunder into its constituent parts. Meanwhile, no matter how tempting it seems, Western foreign-policy-makers cannot count on either Rumania or Yugoslavia. □

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HAVING ALL THE FUN

Forrest McDonald

The Power to Lead: The Crisis of the American Presidency, by James MacGregor Burns (Simon & Schuster, 288 pp., $16.95)

WHEN ONE tackles the work of political scientists it is useful to get a good grip on their first premises, for some of them are slippery fellows who will put one by you if you are not careful. With the work of James MacGregor Burns it is necessary to take the additional precaution of being aware of a premise that is not there, namely the idea that limited government is desirable or even that there can be such a thing. The concept of limited government exists nowhere in his head, and he seems entirely unaware that it has ever been thought of: It is as if he has had some highly specialized form of lobotomy. Hence it never occurs to him that the paralysis of government he so heartily deplores might be the consequence of efforts by government to do things that are not the proper business of government, and especially not of the Federal Government. Hence, also, he can denounce neoconservatives for callously ignoring the problems of the poor, whereas they have labored long and well to demonstrate that government programs have exacerbated those problems; and he can view with genuine astonishment President Reagan's statement that totalitarianism is "the focus of evil in the modern world."

Accordingly, Professor Burns entertains rather idiosyncratic views of the Constitution of the United States. Most people who think about the Constitution at all these days (apart from historians hoping to cash in on the forthcoming bicentennial festivities) are conservatives who lament the Supreme Court's repeal of the work of the Founding Fathers. Burns, on the contrary, laments and indeed angrily resents such little of the Constitution as remains intact, notably the separation of the Presidency, the Senate, and the House of Representatives into distinct entities whose separate powers permit some remnants of a system of checks and balances to operate. For years he has been urging that the Constitution be consigned to the junk heap and replaced by a parliamentary system, preferably one like that of France.

Readers will be only temporarily cheered to learn that he has abandoned that aim, at least in the short run, largely on the ground that the American people, not being wise enough to know what is good for them, would not buy it. Besides, Burns opines, even the French system would not work in the United States at present because the party system has broken down. Candidates for the Presidency and Congress are elected by virtue of their own efforts and organizations, not those of their parties, and thus in office they are like a king and 535 feudal barons. In such circumstances, there can be no responsible cooperative leadership; the only kind of leadership that is possible is transactional leadership, or power brokerage.

Lest the logic and factual foundations of Burns's analysis seem a tad wobbly at this point, let me digress briefly, as he does at length, to summarize the political history of the United States. You see, the Founders devised a system in which power was made to check power and thus there could be no effective leadership. In the 1830s, however, there emerged that wonderful invention, the political party, whose discipline overcame the constitutional barriers to good government. Then, during the progressive period of the early twentieth century, reformers killed off the bosses by introducing the direct primary and civil service, and parties began to decline. (I confess that I do not entirely comprehend the reasoning in one particular here, namely how the United States managed to have great leadership regularly before parties were born and occasionally after they died, and had 15 consecutive Presidents named Millard Fillmore during their golden age; but I suppose that is my problem.)

Now that we have the subject in historical perspective, we can better understand Burns's proposals for reforms to break the deadlock between White House and Capitol Hill and bring about the "transformational leadership" that will enable us to conduct the "generation-long struggle for peace" that is so vital. As a first step, we

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Regis Martin is finishing his doctorate in Sacred Theology at the Pontifical University of St. Thomas Aquinas in Rome, and is writing a book about Flannery O'Connor. He is married and the father of two children.

Forrest McDonald is a professor of history at the University of Alabama.

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must have an intensive drive to increase the number of voters, because those not voting are mainly at "low levels of income and education," which means those at higher levels are "grossly over-represented." You may wonder how this could improve things, since the existing electorate is not swift enough even to perceive the need for a new Constitution, but Burns has foreseen this objection and provided for it. American citizens today have to choose among candidates for as many as thirty or forty offices, and as an understandable result they "exhibit typical symptoms of people under stress: withdrawal, irresolution, instability, volatility." Either of two simple expedients would relieve them of their burdens. They might be required to vote a straight party ticket, which could be facilitated by having eagles or stars or other symbols on the ballot instead of names; or, alternatively, government might be simplified by making state and local authorities appointees of the central government, which would mean that the voter would have to choose only a President, Vice President, and congressman, who would preferably run as a team. (The Senate apparently will have withered away.)

These reforms, crucial as they are, cannot be instituted alone, but must be accompanied by action to revitalize the party system. A single step can open the way: We must abolish all primary elections and replace those "beauty contests" with nominations by party caucuses. Caucuses at the grassroots levels, open to all who desired to participate, would choose delegates to county caucuses, which would nominate candidates for local offices and elect delegates to state party caucuses. The state caucuses would nominate all statewide and congressional candidates and elect delegates to a fairly small national convention, which would be a truly deliberative body. If such a system were implemented, all elected officials would owe their offices to their party, and would therefore work together to give us the kind of Constitution we need.

I have, in the interests of brevity, omitted some of the details of the Burns Plan, and frankly one or two of them strike me as not entirely practicable. On the whole, however, I am sure that most *NR* readers will agree with me that it sounds absolutely wonderful—as well as remarkably similar to the Soviet system. But there is bad news with the good. This must all be done by the Democrats, "because the Grand Old Party has already done its part. Under Ronald Reagan's leadership it has become the principled conservative party of this nation. It has shown that a committed party can become a government party, and is all the more effective because of this commitment. But it is not the job of conservatives to be innovators, institution changers, reframers. That is the job of liberals, leftists, and radicals."

Shucks: Some people have all the fun. □

THE PRICE OF HONOR

Kathleen Christison

Without Honor: Defeat in Vietnam and Cambodia, by Arnold R. Isaacs (Johns Hopkins, 559 pp., $19.95)

"YOU DON'T argue with success," President Reagan said when Jesse Jackson secured the release of the Navy flier held captive in Syria. And so in effect said the chagrined liberal establishment in the aftermath of Grenada. You do, however, argue with failure, and so we will have with us for many more years analyses of the nation's greatest failure—analyses that with benefit of hindsight attempt to tell us not only what went wrong with U.S. policy in Vietnam, but what motivated the policymakers.

Arnold Isaacs, a former *Baltimore Sun* correspondent who covered the war, including the Laos and Cambodia theaters, from 1972 to its conclusion in 1975, subscribes to the "decent interval" theory propounded by Frank Snepp in his controversial book of the same name published in 1977. According to this theory, the Nixon Administration negotiated a face-saving agreement with North Vietnam at the Paris peace talks in full knowledge that it could not hold up, wanting from the Communists only a "decent interval," for appearances' sake, before they took over.

Appearances, Isaacs believes, were all-important to U.S. policymakers—indeed, virtually their sole motivation. Once American forces were committed in Vietnam, what "became necessary for the United States was not any given set of results that could be de-

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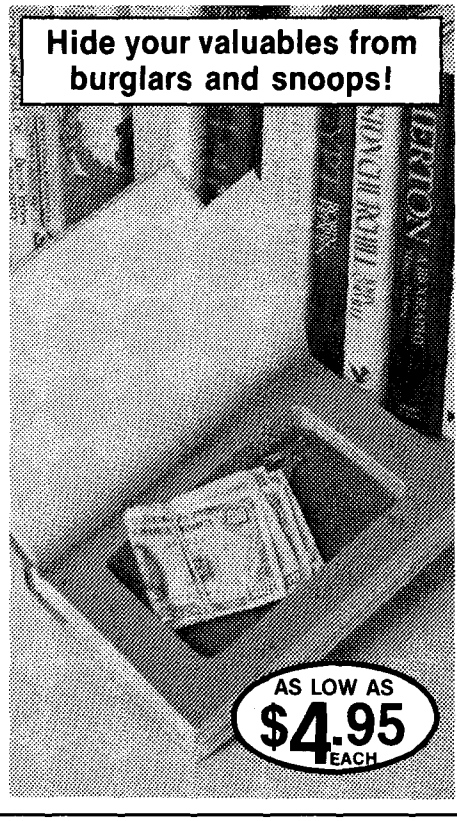

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RANDOM NOTES

☐ SOME OCTOBER TITLES: *Churchill and Roosevelt: The Complete Correspondence* (Princeton, $125 to Dec. 31; $150 thereafter), edited with commentary by Warren F. Kimball, consists of almost two thousand communications richly documenting the increasing strains between Prime Minister and President. . . . George F. Kennan's *The Fateful Alliance: France, Russia, and the Coming of the First World War* (Pantheon, $19.95) follows *The Decline of Bismarck's European Order* as the second volume in a projected series. . . . *Refugee Scholars in America: Their Impact and Their Experiences* (Yale, $25), by Lewis Coser, is a study of the ways in which European artists and intellectuals transplanted to America in the 1930s adapted, or did not adapt, to their new environment. . . . John Cooney's *The American Pope: The Life and Times of Francis Cardinal Spellman* (Times, $19.95) will underwhelm readers not interested primarily in the sensational.

Death in the Afternoon: America's Newspaper Giants Struggle for Survival (Andrews, McMeel & Parker, $14.95), by Peter Benjaminson, analyzes the plight of afternoon papers in five major American cities where the decay of inner cities, the difficulty of distributing papers during the commuter rush hour, and the popularity of TV news shows are sending them to the wall.

In *Style versus Substance: Boston, Kevin White, and the Politics of Illusion* (Macmillan, $15.95), George V. Higgins describes the making and unmaking of a mayor by the *Boston Globe*.

Edward O. Wilson's *Biophilia: The Human Bond to Other Species* (Harvard, $15) argues the importance of mankind's interest in the lower forms of life.

Scotto: More than a Diva (Doubleday, $16.95), by Renata Scotto and Octavio Roca, displays only occasional flashes of taste, most notably her disinclination to mention the name of her nemesis, Luciano Pavarotti. —CW

fined as a success, but rather a display of American determination, effectiveness, and reliability as an ally."

The trouble with this argument is not that it is wrong, for, on the face of it, it is a perfectly accurate assessment of American aims during the Nixon Administration—we *did* lose sight of why we were in Vietnam as we struggled to get out, and U.S. credibility *did* become a more important consideration than saving South Vietnam from Communism. But Isaacs propounds his argument in a vacuum, ignoring the antiwar pressure that forced the U.S. to pull out without achieving its original purpose and implying that Henry Kissinger and Richard Nixon cynically betrayed an ally for thirty pieces of Communist silver and a good press.

The implications are scarcely fair. There was, unquestionably, much that was wrong with our Vietnam policy in the Nixon-Kissinger era, and Isaacs spares us no details, but he is particularly shrill on the subject of Kissinger, and his obvious hostility toward the man distorts his judgment.

On the subject of Cambodia Isaacs displays a jarring emotionalism that is equally distorting. He barely acknowledges the presence of North Vietnamese troops in Cambodian sanctuaries, and he blames the rape of Cambodia entirely on the American invasion in 1970, even to the point of attributing the increase in Khmer Rouge savagery to U.S. bombing.

He derides Kissinger for believing that the North Vietnamese, in the aftermath of the March 1970 coup that overthrew Prince Norodom Sihanouk, wanted to take over Cambodia, but then cites evidence to show that North Vietnam was encouraging a Cambodian Communist takeover.

The difference between a Cambodia dominated by the North Vietnamese and a Cambodia ruled by Cambodian Communists with the support of the North Vietnamese must have appeared small indeed to policymakers in Washington, whose chief concern was to prevent North Vietnam from improving its position in South Vietnam. Whatever one thinks of the advisability, or indeed the morality, of the American invasion or the bombing missions in Cambodia, the Communists' intentions were clear then, as they are clear now, and Isaacs only undercuts his own credibility by attempting to exonerate them.

When he is not raving about Kissinger or Cambodia, Isaacs presents an accurate, dispassionate account of the final years of the Vietnam War: the official myopia which prevented U.S. policymakers from seeing that North Vietnam had a "stubborn passion" driving it to fight on, while South Vietnam had neither the will nor the spirit to do the same; the tendency to reduce the war to computerized tables and endless statistics; the constant, lulling reassurances to South Vietnam that Washington would guarantee the peace agreement by force if necessary and would provide an unending flow of arms, at a time when the mood of Congress and the public clearly made it impossible to carry out this policy; the tragic unpreparedness of both South Vietnamese and U.S. officialdom for the final Communist offensive.

Without Honor makes an attempt at fairness, and frequently it succeeds. Unfortunately, it is badly marred by the author's basic assumption that we deliberately worked, from 1969 on, for "a sort of slow-motion defeat," which intent Nixon and Kissinger hid from the American public and our South Vietnamese ally. "No American government," Isaacs writes, "could justify the deaths of 15,000 more American soldiers for such a purpose, not to mention the far larger loss of Asian lives."

A somewhat more generous assessment might conclude that Nixon and Kissinger honestly believed we could get out honorably, without defeat, and that in 1969 an honorable exit seemed worth the price of more American and Asian lives. In 1969 no one—not even Arnold Isaacs—could foresee the total collapse that came about six years later. Had we succeeded, those 15,000 American lives might, just might, have been worth the price. ☐

TALKING HEADS

Joseph Sobran

Herblock through the Looking Glass, by Herbert Block (Norton, 287 pp., $12.95)

THE CARTOONS of Herblock have always been distinguished by their prolixity. A typical Jeff MacNelly or Steve Kelley cartoon makes use of ten or twenty words; Herblock (actually Herbert Block) shoots for forty or fifty so often that a friend of mine in Washington jokes regularly, "Did you read Herblock today?" My usual reply: "I only had time to skim." I once counted 87 words in a single frame.

Herblock became an institution at the *Washington Post* in the early Fif-

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ties, with his scowling caricatures of Joe McCarthy and Richard Nixon. He was the right man at the right time, in that it's doubtful he could have got or held the job in other circumstances. His sensibility is really out of the Thirties: To read his cartoons is to be reminded of Socialist Realism, the Hollywood Ten, and the static talking heads of an earlier cinema.

His draftsmanship is mediocre and unimaginative: Stiff characters stand and talk, looking bland, surprised, or villainous. Not much happens; this isn't really visual art. The pictures are there to hang words on, and Herblock overuses the privilege of labeling objects in the picture. A Trojan Horse with the head of Ronald Reagan is labeled SUPPLY-SIDE ECONOMICS, with warriors labeled MILITARY-WASTE, WELFARE FOR THE WEALTHY, HOOVER-REAGAN POLICIES, and TRICKLE-DOWN THEORY leaping out of its side. One of the warriors is seizing David Stockman (STOCKMAN) by the shirt.

One doesn't ask subtlety of a cartoonist; one asks for uproariousness. Herblock doesn't understand this. He tries to cram a polemic into a picture. That WELFARE FOR THE WEALTHY dissipates the point of the cartoon. He's not even trying to get a cheap laugh; he's in a hurry to raise the consciousness of the proletariat.

In his latest collection, *Herblock through the Looking Glass*, Herblock's cartoons are supplemented by a text. The cartoons are grouped by theme; the text comments on the events that inspired the cartoons. Oddly enough, Herblock's text is not prolix, but the opposite: Many of his paragraphs consist of only one short sentence. "Consumer items don't last indefinitely either, and in recent years they seem to wear out sooner." That's a *paragraph*, mind you.

Why is the text so terse, when the drawings are so logorrheic? Because Herblock is driven by the propagandist's impulse—to grab lapels and shout in your face until you get the Message. Drawing and prose alike are only means to this goal, so both are suitably coarsened. Aesthetically as well as intellectually, Herblock is crude.

That is why it is odd to see him still in the *Washington Post*, the most stylish paper around. There his agitprop approach sticks out like a sore thumb: The rest of the paper is a racy insider's journal, and old Herblock

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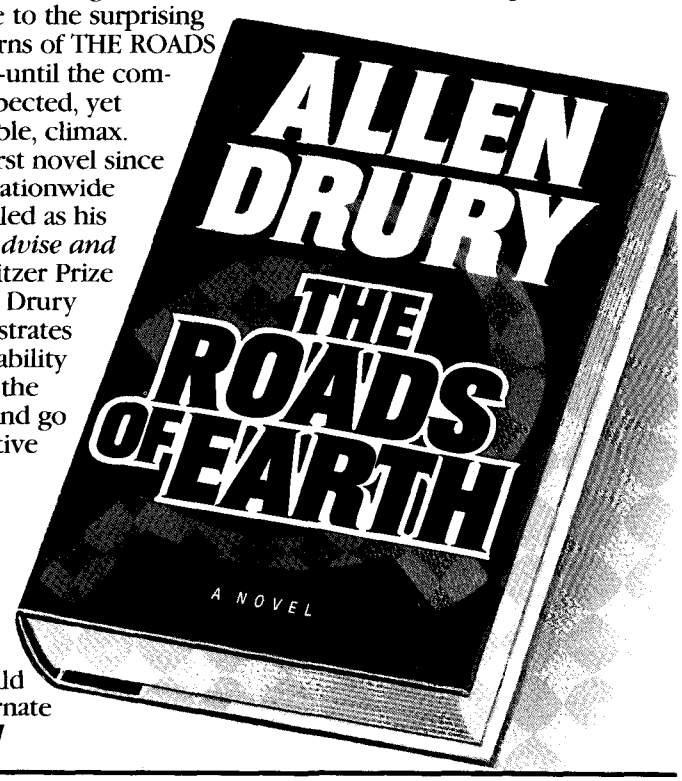

A Literary Guild Featured Alternate

DOUBLEDAY

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comes on like the *Daily World*. Somehow, though, he doesn't seem to be grabbing the masses. Too bad Earl Browder isn't here.

The dust-jacket twice informs us that Herblock is a "genius." Even more provocatively, it bears the praise of Bob Woodward, Tom Wicker, and Ralph Nader. Now I doubt that Bob Hope would be envious to learn that these three have saluted the humor of Herblock. Then again, maybe he would. You might look on them as test cases: If the guy can make the nation's three most humorless men laugh, he must be a riot.

The truth is that he's terribly earnest and moralistic. Dr. Johnson remarked that a man is never so likely to make himself absurd as when he supposes that his understanding is too powerful for his company. That is Herblock to a T—talking down, writing down, even *drawing* down to his public. He has to sit us on his knee while he explains it all:

> When Franklin D. Roosevelt first ran for President, he didn't have an outline for what he would do, but he made a simple promise. It was to "return the government of the United States to the people of the United States."
>
> He did, too.

End of chapter. Or get this:

> Delegates who assembled in San Francisco in July 1984 came out better than they had hoped. Before the convention started, Mondale put new life into the campaign with his choice of a running-mate. A star was born: GERALDINE FERRARO.

That's how he is: drum-beating, cliché-ridden. He doesn't use so many words because he enjoys wordplay. On the contrary, he is relentlessly literal-minded. A briefcase is labeled REAGAN COMMITTEES VIOLATIONS OF CAMPAIGN FUND LAWS IN 1980; a turtle in the same cartoon is labeled TOTAL FINES OF $5,000 BY THE FEDERAL ELECTION COMMISSION. It is understandable that a man might do this kind of work on a day when his inspiration flags. But to reprint it! And to be lauded as a genius among cartoonists! (He has won three Pulitzer Prizes.)

Where did he get this towering reputation? Probably at the same place Art Buchwald got his, except that Buchwald really is funny once in a while. It's customary to describe these guys as "irreverent," but the fact is that their reverence for current sacred cows is profound; the targets of their putative irreverence are totally predictable—Republicans, Christianity, patriotic institutions, and relatively few other things. They're irreverent toward the things for which the Liberal Party line prescribes the attitude of Irreverence. Herblock's irreverence has actually got sclerotic.

A cartoon of a vampire with a stake through its heart, rising out of a coffin, loses a bit of its hilarity when the vampire is labeled EFFORTS TO PUT ORGANIZED PRAYER IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS. Another cartoon includes figures labeled ADMINISTRATION BUDGET, WELFARE FOR THE WEALTHY, and SOCIAL PROGRAMS FOR THE NON-WEALTHY. Another, VETERANS' LOBBY, PLANE OWNERS' LOBBY, DEFENSE WASTE, TOBACCO INTERESTS, and POOR AND UNEMPLOYED. Yet another, RACISM, SOUTH AFRICA, MILITARY DICTATORSHIPS, REAGAN ADMINISTRATION, REPRESSIVE REGIMES, ANTI-DEMOCRACY, and ANTI-HUMAN-RIGHTS. Well, Aristotle says of the gift for metaphor that you either have it or you don't.

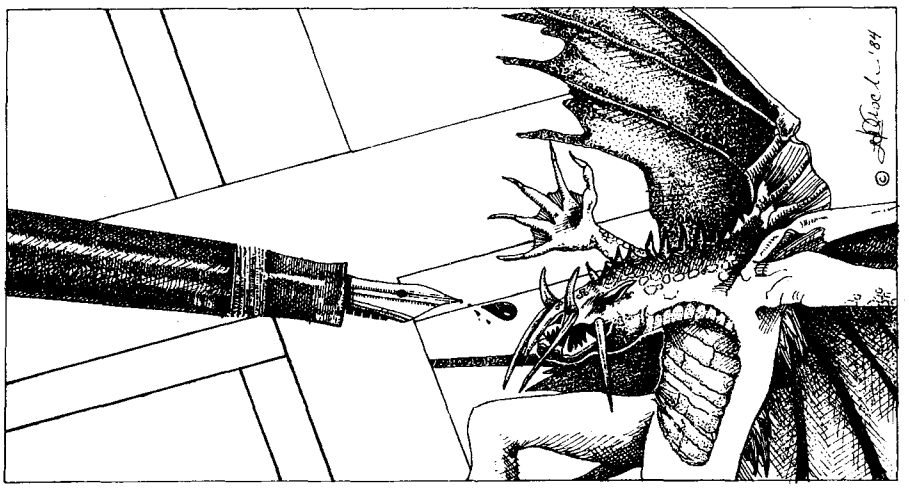
I recall a MacNelly cartoon (included in his own recent and excellent collection, *Directions*) of Yuri Andropov lying in a hospital bed, being fed intravenously; out in the waiting room are several old Politburo types, sitting in easy chairs, being fed intravenously. No caption, no labels, no elbow in the ribs of the reader: just a suggestive analogy, and a relaxed confidence, worthy of Ronald Reagan, that the reader will supply his own sense of humor. If only Herblock had a touch of that. He is needlessly tormented by the fear that the reader will be his mental inferior. □

REMEMBERING FLANNERY O'CONNOR

Regis Martin

August 3, 1984, marked the twentieth anniversary of the death of Flannery O'Connor. As a modest commemorative gesture, I offer the following few reflections on the life and work of this most extraordinary woman.

As an enraptured veteran of all the O'Connor stories, I am most frequently asked, i.e., by people I am anxious to enlist in the same enthusiasm: Well, what manner of woman was she? Who was this passionately committed soul for whom everything in this world was to be centered on Christ, including—you say—the terrible illness of her own body? Just what sort of character had she, this child of our century who managed, despite all of its dissociated sensibility, actually to "*feel* life," as she put it, "from the standpoint of the central Christian mystery: that it has, for all its horror, been found by God to be worth dying for"? This pious child, if you please, of the institutional and hierarchical Church, who yet could advance arguments on behalf of its paradoxical mystery as brilliant as anything out of Bossuet? This thoroughly modern woman, no less, her life and work riveted not upon gestures of neurotic feminist defiance against an alleged patriarchy oppressing her spirit, but upon a sacramental vision everywhere validated by its teachings? "The Catholic sacramental view of life," she wrote, "is one that sustains at every turn the vision that the storyteller must have if



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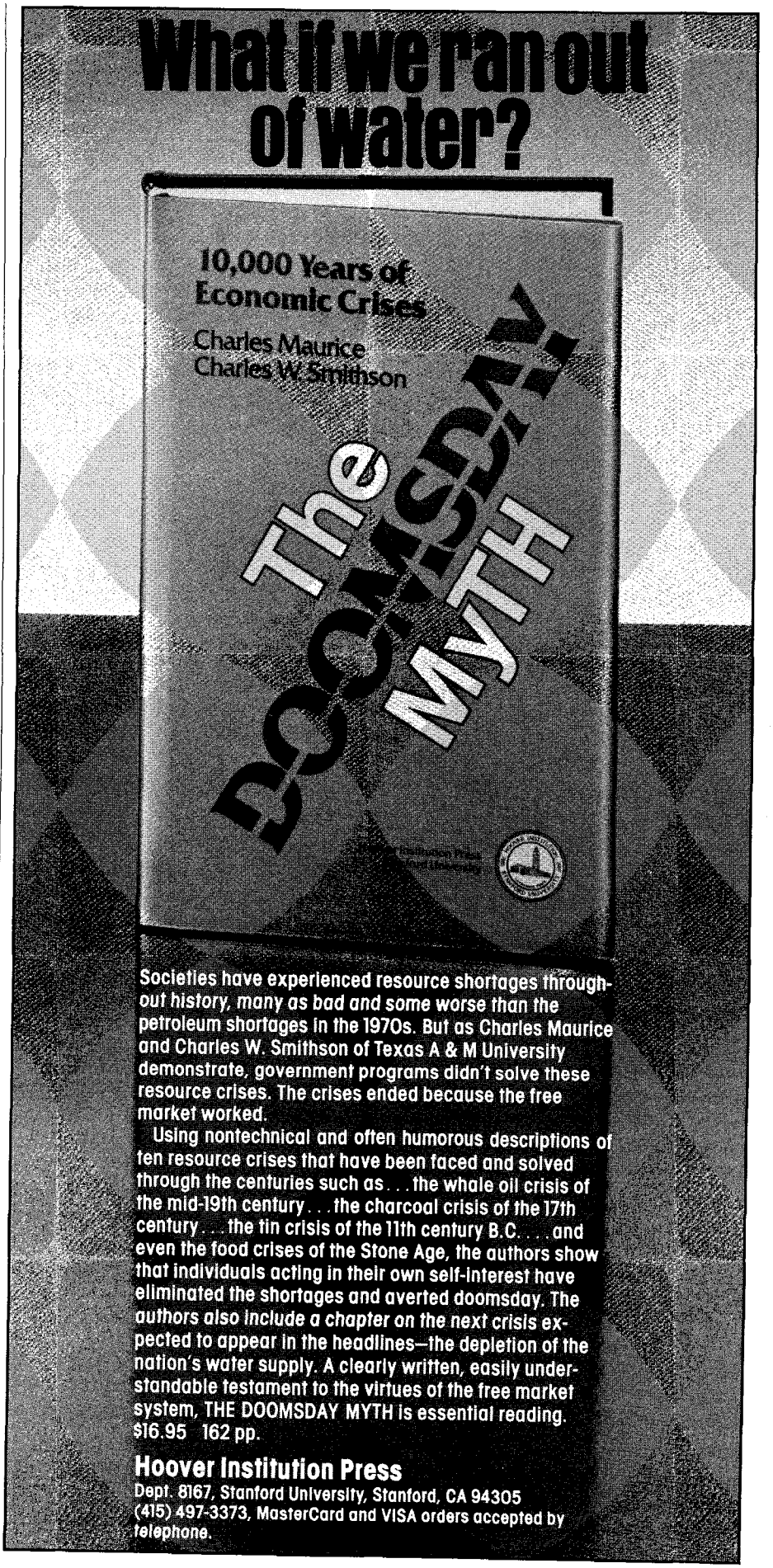
he is going to write fiction of any depth." And like Jean Cardinal Danielou—who loved best of all that Church "mud-splashed from history," because finally it was Christ Himself covered with its mud—Flannery O'Connor's romance with Roman Catholicism remained both ardent and uncomplicated right up to the end.

Who, the question persists, was she? What was she really like, this doomed Southern lady of nearly 39 years—dying nine days before her birthday—and more than half as many stories, among them the finest blooms of American fiction? This strangely blithe, self-possessed figure in whose letters, says Sally Fitzgerald, who has done us the inestimable favor of collecting them, "we cannot fail to see the increase in her own being, commensurate with and integrally related to her growth in stature as a writer"? If, as Mrs. Fitzgerald suggests, the correspondence constitutes an aspect of her life nearly quintessential—a being, that is to say, whose *habitus* of growth the letters meticulously record—what then are the characteristic features, the lineaments as it were, of her soul?

"There she stands, to me," recollects Mrs. Fitzgerald in her moving Introduction to *The Habit of Being*, "a phoenix risen from her own words: calm, slow, funny, courteous, both modest and very sure of herself, intense, sharply penetrating, devout but never pietistic, downright, occasionally fierce, and honest in a way that restores honor to the word."

And here, by anyone's reckoning, is an inventory of human character altogether arresting. How difficult it is to imagine anyone this side of sanctity at all worthy of it. Certainly from among the current fraternity of arts and letters, distressingly few examples leap to mind. With the possible exception of Mr. Walker Percy, I cannot think of a single American writer whose passing would inspire anything remotely lapidary. The late Miss O'Connor was clearly someone of special distinction, perhaps of blessedness even. And not, I'd want to insist, at this or that high moment either, in between which lay long stretches of unrelieved mediocrity. "Not the intense moment," writes T. S. Eliot near the end of "East Coker,"

Isolated, with no before and after,
But a lifetime burning in every moment . . .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What must, I think, have threaded all her moments, stitching everything into place, was courage. There is the uncommon quality, the unending, unvanquished capacity for the one thing needed, the one condition upon which literally everything else in the moral life must depend. "What shall I say of fortitude," asks St. Bruno, "without which neither wisdom nor justice is worth anything? Fortitude is never conquered; if it is conquered it is not fortitude."

In the absence of this virtue, wisdom tells us—and experience confirms the telling—no other virtue will do because none can survive the moment of real crisis, of testing, without it. At such moments virtue herself must put on courage, else all enactment will fail for want of resolution. "For most of us," continues Eliot in "The Dry Salvages,"

> *this is the aim*
> *Never here to be realized;*
> *Who are only undefeated*
> *Because we have gone on trying . . .*

It is courage alone on which the human task of trying, again and again, completely to realize sanctity—"Never here to be realized"—is sustained.

And as always, ineluctably, there stands in the midst of each man's struggle, each effort of soul to have or hold integrity, the Evil One. He remains the one, Miss O'Connor unhesitatingly believed, against whom all salvation is at issue, no greater drama than which can ever exist. It is the decisive human drama, one destined to be played out somewhere in this world by everyone in this world. A world, moreover, in which the devils, despite Christ's definitive work of Redemption, remain at large, more than ever holding their own. Athwart the Evil One, she insisted, who is not "simply generalized evil, but an evil intelligence determined on its own supremacy," the indispensable weapon will be courage.

We face, now and for the duration of this world at least, the Dragon. Others, alas, must face him forever. He is the very one against whom St. Cyril warned the Children of Light, besieged then by the Arian darkness engulfing the fourth century (a period, incidentally, full of alarming and instructive parallels to our own). "The Dragon," he wrote to the catechumens of Jerusalem, "is by the side of the road, watching those who pass. Beware lest he devour you. We go to the Father of Souls, but it is necessary to pass by the Dragon."

Infinitely wise words these, fashioned for "the dark city where," observed Miss O'Connor, "the children of God lay sleeping." They are of course meant to awaken, and thus to mobilize, all in whom the drama of salvation has grown dim. So resonant did Miss O'Connor find St. Cyril's warning that she placed it at the beginning of her first collection of stories, *A Good Man Is Hard to Find* (1955), which she thereupon dedicated to Sally and Robert Fitzgerald ("Nine stories about original sin, with my compliments").

Of the encounter with the Dragon, including both the responsibility of the writer truthfully to render it and that of the reader even vicariously to face it, she would say this:

> No matter what form the dragon may take, it is of this mysterious passage past him, or into his jaws, that stories of any depth will always be concerned to tell, and this being the case it requires considerable courage at any time, in any country, not to turn away from the storyteller.

In thinking of this gallant woman twenty years after her death, one has the sense that in her stories—stories in which the most harrowing passages of literature are construed, countless passages both past and frequently into the jaws of the Beast—she reveals far more of herself than simply her craft; she bares something of her own soul as well, and a soul every bit as compact of mystery and struggle, God and the devil, as may be found in even the strangest scenes of her books. This, I submit, is as it should be. How could it be otherwise with human beings? We are creatures shaped, after all, almost entirely by our choices, which is to say, by ourselves. Whatever the complex mix of freedom and grace in this vale of soul-making—and ultimately the equation can never resolve itself

arithmetically, however hard the theologians work to unpuzzle it—we remain essentially responsible beings before God for whatever we do, He having long ago paid our race, in C. S. Lewis's phrase, "the intolerable compliment" of taking us seriously. We are, finally and forever, what we do, and those changes wrought in us by what we do, whether for good or for ill, can best be understood in the light of what some have insisted on calling *character*. For example, François Mauriac, who probably shaped as much as anyone could from a distance the contours of Miss O'Connor's character, has this to say on the subject: "Just as there is a close bond between a man's character and what happens to him during his life, so there is a similar relationship between a novelist's character and the creatures and events brought into being by his imagination."

One of the reasons why, I believe, Miss O'Connor's world intrudes so powerfully upon our own, leaving aside here matters of technique and craft—why, in other words, her images appear so to startle and disturb, their violence so often the instrument of that grace which, when seized upon greedily enough, yields even the Kingdom of Heaven (it suffereth violence, we are told on very good authority, and the violent bear it away)—is that, having herself been there all her life, many times face to face with the Dragon, she knew the mysterious and apocalyptic cast to the human story. "My subject in fiction," she wrote once, "is the action of grace in territory held largely by the devil." And we believe her because, putting it simply, it could not be so in her stories were it not already so in *her* story.

Her own life, thus, constitutes a continuing and compelling theater of instruction; in it we glimpse something of that characterological drama on which depended, besides everything else, the destiny of her own soul (which, one supposes, subsumes everything else). It is to that stage, then, and to the decisive moments enacted on it, that one ought to turn, twenty years after her death, in search of her moral style. Without that style the stories she wrote could not exist as they do. In fact, they could never have been written at all but for her character, for its extraordinary capacity to work, as her friend and mentor Caroline Gordon once put it, "within the

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terrain of the bull." It was courage, before all else, that enabled her to do so. □

FILM

BIZET'S CARMEN, SHAFFER'S AMADEUS

John Simon

GRANTED THAT opera on film is an impossibility, Francesco Rosi's *Carmen* (or *Bizet's Carmen*, as it has to be billed amid a plethora of *Carmens*) is the best try yet, Bergman's *Magic Flute*, the previous record-holder, having taken a few too many liberties. Rosi's only major liberty is really a compulsion: Something has to be invented for the overture, and here we get a highly dramatic final phase of a bullfight, as a dazed bull, profusely bleeding from the banderillas turning him into a bovine St. Sebastian, is dispatched by Escamillo. The sequence fits the spirit of the work, even if it isn't the correct metaphor for Don José and Carmen. For that, the beast would have had to kill the matador.

Even when it tries for *verismo*, opera is still basically stylized; whereas film, however bent on formalization, cannot quite escape verisimilitude, possession by reality. Problems proliferate, from the difficulty of making singing-induced movements of the mouth fit in with the right emotional expressions, all the way to the slightly uncanny, canned quality of on-screen sound. And film's demands on the performers are insuperable. Actors dubbed by singers yield audio-visual schizophrenia; singers doing their own acting, as here, are ordinary athletes corralled into a decathlon. A given era can perhaps boast just enough opera singers who can sing, act, and look right to outfit one international production, but even if they could all be rounded up, how hold on to them for the considerable duration of shooting a film?

In the present instance, Julia Migenes-Johnson sings capably, acts the Gypsy seductress estimably, has a good (though rather short) figure, and moves with agility even in the dance sequences. That is a lot. But her French is only mediocre, and her face, to use a suitably cigarette-factory trope, is

Catholic and Conservative . . .

The Wanderer

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more Camel than Gitane. (In the opera house, where distances are greater and visual competition slighter, this wouldn't matter.) Then there is Placido Domingo, much better here than in the godawful *Traviata*, his voice in good shape and his diction excellent. But his French is as Gallic as paella, and should a corporal from Navarre look like a Mexican *ranchero*? As for his acting, Domingo makes it appear as if terminal jealousy could be cured with Tums. Conversely, the Escamillo of Ruggero Raimondi exudes Hispanic *desengaño*, but towers over his fellow bullfighters, and though his singing is good (the Italian accent not too pronounced), his elocution is buried in mashed potatoes. As Micaëla, Faith Esham sings indifferently, and looks and acts like a Smith girl who OD'd on apple pie. Her French is grotesque (even though she was coached by the distinguished Jeanine Reiss), and in the spoken dialogue—which the film, wisely adhering to Bizet's version, retains—a French voice seems to have been dubbed in. It might have been better to do this for all the principals. The supporting cast sings just right, but minor roles are more easily filled.

The shortcomings, though, are largely offset by the taste and skill of Rosi and his technical team. Camera movements are extremely fluid, yet without becoming unnervingly restless or capriciously showy. As often as possible, Rosi uses medium or long shots, happily allowing us to imagine the characters rather than clearly see them. With the help of his brilliant designer, the artist Enrico Job (Lina Wertmüller's husband and regular collaborator), Rosi re-creates a cozily convincing nineteenth-century Andalusia, shot entirely on location, but with Job seamlessly integrating his designs into found scenery. The demodernization is complete: asphalt roads dirted over, modern appendages to entire streets scrupulously masked. And Job's costumes, while thoughtful expressions of a mere walk-on's individuality, also blend into visual ensembles of harmonious diversity. The worthy Pasqualino de Santis has shot it all in luminously sensuous colors reminiscent of Corot's Italy, Delacroix's North Africa, and Gustave Doré's Spain (radiant even in monochrome), which also served as Bizet's inspiration.

Further, Rosi worked on striking a balance between singers' mouths and actors' expressions, putting pre-recorded sound to the best possible use. With his co-scriptwriter, Tonino Guerra, he evolved apt scenarios for the musical preludes. An aristocratic soirée introduces Act II, with a rich man entertaining in his postprandial garden representatives of the army, the clergy, and the arts (Escamillo!) with stately dancers, their performance nicely contrasting with the rowdy outdoor *fiestas* where Carmen plies her avocation—or is it trade? The Act III prelude brings us Micaëla's horseback journey into the sierra, along with Escamillo's ride thither to inspect the pasturing bulls. The last prelude is all bustling street scenes outside the *corrida* and Escamillo's getting dressed and offering up a prayer in his chapel. Rosi even works in some social comment: Carmen at the bullfight looks uncomfortable in the fancy gown and mantilla given her by her new lover, Escamillo.

More important than all this is Rosi's ability to fit the operatic action into a real town or Gypsy camp or mountain pass—this topography acts and sings along. The solution is one pinch of stylization to generous dollops of realism. For example, Rosi offers us a dwarfish elderly householder who libidinously joins in the dance in the plaza with Carmen and the girls, only to be eventually pulled back indoors by his proper wife and kin. Such incidents, neatly jointed into the choreography and music, enrich the atmospheric texture and reinforce the story line—in this case, stressing Carmen's fatal allure. The able Orchestre National de France, under Lorin Maazel's assured baton and buttressed by expert choral singing, sees to it that the musical event should not become eclipsed by the cinematic one. Bravo and *olé!*

TOTAL ECLIPSE, however, overtakes what is now billed grandiosely as *Peter Shaffer's Amadeus*, as if anyone else would be rash enough to claim it. Bad as the play was (though a huge success—what is the world coming to?), Shaffer's screenplay, written under the supervision of and directed by Miloš Forman, is immeasurably worse. This preposterous story contrives that Salieri—outraged that, despite a vow of chastity and service to God, he is gifted with only a middling talent, while the misnamed Amadeus, a licentious and scurrilous boy all his life, should be blessed with the most easefully copious genius of all—vows hatred for God and destruction to Mozart. Since, despite the baseless legend about the lesser man's poisoning his great rival, the facts cannot be easily squared with anything more than Salieri's animosity toward Mozart, it is Shaffer who is the real poisoner of the well of truth with a tale whose implausibility is matched only by its vulgarity. One does, however, discern yet another chapter in Shaffer's continuous lament over his own mediocrity and inability to break with convention—themes that cropped up in *The Royal Hunt of the Sun* and *Equus* as well.

For the movie version of *Amadeus*, additional characters had to be dragged in—the allegedly despotic Leopold Mozart; the insufferable mother-in-law, Frau Weber; the spying maid, Lorl; and Schikaneder with his chicanery—while existing ones had to be beefed up. As a result, the new characters remain rushed and superficial, whereas Constanze becomes the stereotypical loving but nagging wife, a cliché from which the play's foreshortening dubiously saved her. The new scenes are often crass scatology, as when Mozart sticks out his behind at Archbishop Colloredo, or when he ends a pastiche of Salieri's music improvised at a revel by simulating a loud breaking of wind right into the elder composer's face. The play's crude Freudianizing, whereby the Commendatore is really Mozart's dead father, has been retained and grossly hammered in:

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"Wolfgang has actually summoned up his own father to accuse his son before the whole world" and "How that bitter old man was still possessing his son even from beyond the grave." And it has been expanded, by having Frau Weber's stridulous yammerings at her son-in-law turn into the coloratura aria of the Queen of the Night!

Forman has directed with his usual heavy-handed competence. That Leopold Mozart should wear by way of costume a domino with a grave mask before and a grinning one behind is effective when he makes a sudden turn, but he turns once too often; what is inexcusable is to have the man in grey who comes to commission a requiem from Mozart similarly accoutered. Or take the crosscutting between Mozart's dying and the homeward journey by stagecoach of Constanze and her children to the music of the *Requiem*: loud passages, the coach rattling through the night; soft passages, Wolfgang expiring or children looking forlorn. Particularly cheap is the conceit—new in the movie version—that the moribund Mozart dictated the *Requiem* to Salieri, who wrote it down in a prolonged ecstasy of love-hate. Here we are treated to an elementary music-appreciation lesson in dialogue form: "Identical? —Of course, the instruments doubling the voices. —I don't understand. . . . Yes, yes, yes! I understand. Yes! Yes!" Salieri turns into an orgasmic Molly Bloom even as Mozart turns into an idiot requiring the Latin text to be translated for him by Salieri so that the great unwashed in the movie audience should be able to follow—which they won't anyway.

Most appalling is the ending, with Salieri dying illogically in a lunatic asylum. Here madmen more horrific than in *Marat/Sade* are hideously chained or caged along the walls of a corridor down which Salieri is being wheeled. "Mediocrities everywhere, I absolve you," he mutters. At least in the play this referred to the audience; in the movie, even that simplistic irony becomes an abject copout. Miroslav Ondříček's cinematography is splendid as usual, the Czech backgrounds are inspiritingly baroque (though the great innovator Josef Svoboda was the wrong choice for designing old-style operatic scenery), but the acting is routine or worse (Tom Hulce as Mozart), save for the sensitively muted Leopold of Roy Dotrice. Boo and *O, Weh!* □

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DELECTATIONS

WINES, WITH AND WITHOUT

Nika Hazelton

THIS SEASON'S hot wine news: Champagne is all the rage now and sales are up and up; we can look forward to better versions of Italy's most famous wine, Chianti; and a wine without alcohol—but a real fermented wine nonetheless—is being test-marketed in California and other Western states by the Seagram wine company.

In the last few years an oversupply of wine and grapes, in Europe and here at home, has made it imperative to find something to spark additional sales. So the wine and grapes are put to use in making champagne, which in turn is being heavily promoted to the public as an all-year festive drink rather than as something for special occasions only. In the United States, sales of sparkling wine have gone up around 13 per cent since 1980, while sales of table wine languished—proving that the American public is ready to spend money on the pricier potion. Imports now account for 25 per cent of American bubbly sales, up from 16 per cent in 1980. The old established California producers are Korbel and Schramsberg, known for very fine wines; and now well-known wine producers like Sebastiani and Robert Mondavi are also getting themselves into the profitable sparkling-wine business.

By the way, only the stuff made in the French region of Champagne from certain grapes can call itself Champagne, according to French law. Europeans honor this French law by calling their sparkling wines Sekt if they are German, or Spumante if Italian, but Americans do not. To the sorrow and rage of the French, anybody in the United States can, and usually does, call his bubbly wines Champagne. In turn, European Champagne houses like Piper Heidsieck and Mumm are setting up shop and vineyards in California in increasing numbers, following

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

LIBERAL CLICHES *and Conservative Solutions* (Green Hill Publishers, Inc., 722 Columbus St., Ottawa, Ill. 61350; $3.95), edited by Philip M. Crane, is a collection of essays and position papers written on a variety of policy issues by 15 conservative Republican members of Congress eager, in the words of Representative Jack Kemp's Introduction, to "complete the revolution" initiated in 1980 by the election of Ronald Reagan to the Presidency. "Whenever," Kemp writes,

> some political leaders excuse their paralysis by complaining that they can't do anything to solve problems, the American people's answer is to elect others who *can*. . . . We House Republicans, naturally, have been in a precarious situation, our power to introduce and amend legislation increasingly circumscribed by unfair rules imposed by Speaker Tip O'Neill and the Democratic majority's leaders. Still, within these constraints, the Republicans have pushed reforms in legislative initiatives and in floor debates. . . . The 1980 election *was* "a new beginning"—but the Reagan revolution remains to be completed. This cannot happen until President Reagan has a GOP-controlled Senate *and* House to forge the legislative program we need to finish the conservative agenda described in this book.

Though the "solutions" of the title is perhaps too dogmatic for a conservative manifesto, the ideas set forward in this notably succinct volume are for the most part straightforward and sensible enough. On the domestic side, the congressmen want a constitutional amendment allowing voluntary prayer by public-school children (a worthy aim certainly, though in my opinion that freedom enjoys a latency in extant constitutional form that an explicit amendment, by seeming to deny it, would throw, along with much else that has hitherto been read into that document, into doubt); a revamped federal budget in order to liquidate the debt; passage of a flat-rate income-tax measure (and here again certain unpleasant doubts come to mind); a conservative version of an urban public-works program (interesting); a similarly inspired reform of the currently established public-housing programs, which would give the dependent poor a greater stake in their housing and put modest housing once more within the reach of modest lives and incomes; and "passage of appropriate legislation to remove any doubt that the human rights proclaimed in the Declaration of Independence extend to all human beings" (i.e., gestating ones).

On the international front, they call for the modernization and rationalization of American military power, both nuclear and conventional, and, where needed, a trimmed-down and streamlined defense establishment; the establishment of a comprehensive strategy for defending the Western Hemisphere against Soviet and Cuban aggression, as well as, of course, against indigenous forms of brush-fire Communism; and support for "the worldwide popular demand" for democratic reforms in all countries of the world, whether behind or beyond the Iron Curtain. "To this agenda," Kemp suggests, "I would add one item, which, in a sense, is the necessary condition for all the others: monetary reform."

The Republican legislative battle, he believes, is essentially a fight against stand-pat elitism, which "always makes its appearance as an attack on the American people's faith in democratic principles": Thus, defeatism and an apologetic mien are the salient characteristics of the liberal-left Democracy of today. ("Don't change anything, don't reduce tax rates on American workers, don't deregulate and cut down bureaucracy, don't restrain federal spending, don't touch the Supreme Court or revitalize the Civil Rights Commission, don't modernize our national defense, . . . don't defend U.S. interests anywhere in the world, freeze every weapon in sight, and above all, please don't upset the 'doves' in the Kremlin.") And yet, Kemp reminds us, it was not always thus: Centrist Democrats through John Kennedy understood that prosperity, security, and democracy are vitally linked. What has happened since the New Deal, he argues, is that liberals have forgotten what it was that made FDR so admired and gone on to short-circuit the democratic process at every turn, thus leaving it to the GOP to defend the interest of the popular majority. □

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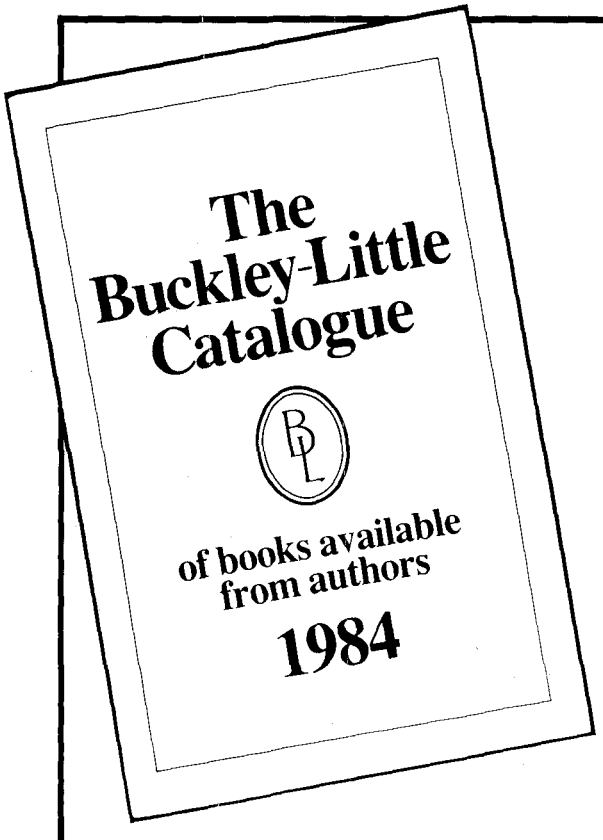
the enormous and well-deserved success the French house Moët-Hennessy has had with its Napa Valley Domaine Chandon.

Chianti sales have been lagging everywhere for the past few years for a number of reasons. For one thing, more than one thousand individual producers have made their wines in a highly individualistic manner, resulting in wines that can be young, fruity, velvety, light, full-bodied, heavy, or rich and still go under the famed Chianti name. For another, Chianti, now dignifiedly bottled in Bordeaux-type bottles, is no longer instantly recognizable as it was when sold in the straw-covered, round-bottomed bottle known as a *fiasco*. (Remember the dripping candle stuck in the *fiasco* to give an Italian atmosphere to dingy surroundings?) But now the law that specifies the kinds and amounts of red and white grapes that must be used to make a Chianti legally entitled to the name has been changed. The new formula is far more flexible, and yet also stricter in matters such as, among other things, the amount of white grapes (which are cheap and plentiful) allowed in the wine.

The new law will not produce heavenly wines all round, but it will give producers the chance to experiment with a new style of red wine that has been very successful since 1971 or so. I am speaking of Tignanello, made by the great Tuscan wine producer Marchesi Antinori—a splendid, Bordeaux-type wine. The Antinoris are one of Florence's noblest and most ancient families, and innovative winemakers as well. For some 15 years, along with other honorable Chianti producers, they have pushed for a new Chianti formula. The new law starts with the 1984 harvest, so that it will be some time before we can buy the new improved Chiantis. Meantime, I suggest buying the 1978 Chianti Riservas, which can be found for well under $15, and even as little as $10; be sure to look for the Chianti *classico* black-rooster label on the bottle and try to buy a Chianti *classico riserva*—*riserva* being the sign of longer aging and better winemaking practices. (If you want to know more about the long and involved Chianti story, write me and I will explain.)

The House of Joseph E. Seagram, which dispenses wine and about 175 brands of spirits (Seagram Ltd. of Montreal is the parent company, with 1983 revenues of around $2.5 billion, I've read), has gone into the production of a nonalcoholic wine that is real wine but without the kick. I read about it in *Business Week* and was fascinated, because nonalcoholic wines from Europe and Australia have never caught on in the United States. Neither have the so-called "light" wines, with about 7 to 9 per cent alcohol (compared to the regular 10 to 12 per cent), much to the sorrow of their makers, who spent millions advertising them. Now the huge California grape surplus that has confronted Seagram's wine operations (Paul Masson and Taylor California Wine Cellars) is being used for this boozeless libation currently being test-marketed, as I say, in California and some other Western states.

St. Regis, as the new wine is called, is made like real wine from varietal grapes like French Colombard, Chenin Blanc, and others. Then the alcohol is extracted through a process of controlled heat application. The grapes used are fully matured, not like the unripened grapes—which yield less alcohol but lack flavor—that are used for many of the low-alcohol wines. St. Regis uses a patented process for its wine (see *Business Week*, July 9), producing a drink low in calories (less than half the amount in most regular



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white wines) but high in what St. Regis calls carbohydrates (8.1 grams per 100 milliliters), which I take it means largely residual sugar.

The drink is a pleasant, fresh-tasting, sweetish, rather fruity wine (the smell is not as pleasant as the taste), and it does indeed taste like wine. I tested St. Regis on a number of my wine-loving and wine-knowing friends, and none of them recognized the absence of alcohol, though a few objected to the slight carbonization. If it will catch on in the youth market, more power to it, and fewer drunk-driving accidents for all of us. It is not expensive either, around $3 a bottle. Why Seagram in New York, with the exception of one officer, was so infinitely coy and secretive about St. Regis nonalcoholic wine I shall never know. But they did send me two bottles, since I could not buy them here in New York, and I am enthusiastic, as are my granddaughters in California who, wine glass in hand, can now look as sophisticated as they wish in perfect safety. □

THE GIMLET EYE

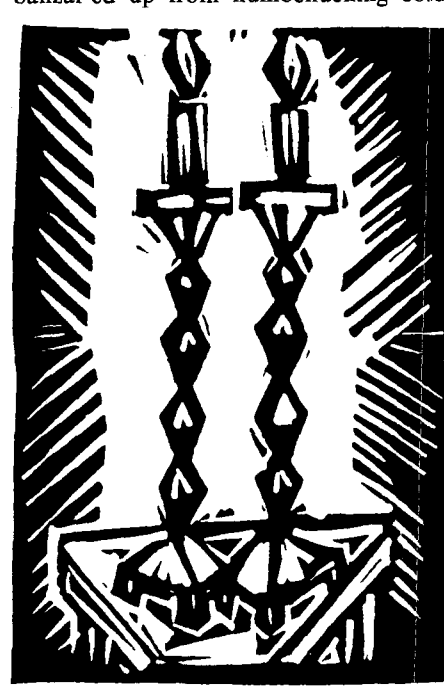
SKIRMISHING–PART II

D. Keith Mano

SKIRMISH MAY be to 1987 what Monopoly was to the Depression. It is a spin-off from Survival, created around 1976 or so by Charles Gaines (who wrote *Pumping Iron*) and Hayes Noel. "We both believe in play . . . [and] we began to construct . . . a form of play that might contain the childhood exhilaration of stalking and being stalked, might call on a hodge-podge of instincts and skills, and might allow as wide a variety of responses as possible . . ." Survival-Skirmish was meant to be energetic, communal fun—a competitive barn-raising sort of. In time Gaines and Noel found their ideal toy weapon: the Nel-Spot 007 Color Marking Gun (used by foresters). At first Survival-Skirmish was freelance play, 12 or so men and women, each a solo guerrilla. Now it's primarily team sport. The first organized group match took aim in June 1981 near Gaines's New Hampshire home. Today there are more than 75 equipment dealers America-through. A book has been written (*The Official Survival Game Manual*, by Lionel Atwill, Pocket, $6.95). Film rights were sold soon on. Every major TV network has given it air time. Survival-Skirmish is at least as popular as dropped ceilings are.

Both Gaines and Atwill consider their game "aggressive but nonviolent." They emphasize camaraderie, exercise, strategy, silliness—a sophisticated form of "Bang, you're dead." Well, they're honorable men and maybe even half-right. I suppose, though, that Skirmish is a significant national windsock, too. No way sixty people charge around with guns and camouflage paint during the Vietnam War moratoria. Back then some Unitarian minister would've poured gasoline over himself in protest (but wouldn't've lit up, lacking an environmental-impact statement). There has been change. The game is, I suggest, a retrospective stab at understanding—in mud, in sweat, in person—what was meant by Vietnam, by victory and defeat, by courage and pacifism and fear and death. Survival-Skirmish gropes for all that. And, to this simulative end, it may be as effective as a Link Trainer is.

Me, I was apprehensive before our charter bus ride had begun. My fellow recruits assumed the mystique of an Enemy (though half would bleed red dye alongside me)—bigger, younger, stronger, much wilder, several already banzai-ed up from numbchucking cold



Bud. I felt like a last draftee: that myopic, ham-weak air-raid warden mobilized in the final days of some long lost war. Yes, there were other men my age: upper-middle-class sorts playing at playing a war—and about one woman per eight men. But Survival-Skirmish seemed to lure people who, as the Nyquil bottle says, operate heavy machinery. Maybe, I thought, they need a regimental chaplain. And then, after the quartermaster sergeant had rubbed defogger over my glasses—after he had given us all mackerel tabby camouflage gear and one quick dye-gun drill—we were led into growth denser than monetarist economics. Everyone got reading-room quiet. We could've been a green replacement outfit, rotated into the line at H-hour minus one.

Lehigh State Forest is picturesque enough. It would become hideously so. At first we passed over streams on log bridging. There was black, shin-deep mud. At first we, fastidious, extravasated around it. After one hour, though, caught by cross fire, I was careering through chill waist-high water. And I hit the deck often in mud that filled my earhole up. Scenic water was a-place-where-you-had-to-expose-yourself. Each pine tree was either rudimentary cover or the secret platform for some sniper. I made myself blind: the vision field anyway was less than you'd find in a voting booth. Sound became my medium of exchange. In time we appeared to move, tongue out, as snakes do, hearing with yet another body part. But movement tattled. The temptation was to lie still, in a forgetful stupor of one's own lovely, discreet silence. And yet we would rise and advance. In patriotic obedience to an Orange or Yellow nation just formed. So they went forward on Guadalcanal and through the Hürtgen Forest. It was landscape into death.

Ah, the terrible attention war requires. One inconsiderate moment and an entire battle line, flimsy as haze, can pass over you. Look, that rhododendron bush has anthropomorphized itself: look, the man lying beside me has another uniform on. I'll never credit any shot-by-shot battle account again. Often I'd encounter myself blasting at a sniper, pinned down beneath some stream bank—and I'd be quite unable to remember how I got there. Mind becomes all highlight film and no sequence. You imprint on squad-mates

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in a kind of ecstatic intimacy that will bypass friendship or even decent acquaintance. And, most demoralizing, you accept luck. Once, crawling, I pulled a pine branch aside and saw two prone men aiming at me no more than eight feet away. I went flat over backward: fatalistic, I rushed to my own conclusion. But, incredibly, I was without spot: they had shot wide. War (after all, we expect reward and due upward mobility) is not a free-market state where intelligence or drive are paramount. People chance on their heroism and death.

Later, dead for a second time that day, I sat with the boisterous silent majority and conducted my own exit poll. Skirmish had been good. They thought, even the maddest ball turret gunner among us, that everyone—American, Russian, Lapp—ought to spend a weekend in this forest. "It was fun. Real hoonyah kind of fun," said one. "But they won't get me into a grunt-type war, never. Not with real bullets. All of a sudden I'm with Reagan. I want a *very* strong nuclear force. If I have to buy it, let the rest of them buy it, too." There's something in that. Nuclear war is the fairest solution: a place where old and young, male and female, eligible and 4F can face equal-opportunity death. Not alone in mud and bowel-weakening panic. The bomb is your best democrat. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Our Endangered Rights: The ACLU Report on Civil Liberties Today, edited by Norman Dorsen (Pantheon, 335 pp., $22.50)

It is said that even paranoids have enemies, and the ACLU is no exception. The worst of them, of course, is Ronald Reagan, who in this book is repeatedly attacked for everything from heartlessness toward the poor to pandering to religious Americans; other anti-civil-liberties forces include the Moral Majority, the pro-life lobby, the lawyers for Walter Polovchak, and the insidious Christmas crêche. The 15 essays in this book are by prominent ACLU members and officials, including executive director Ira Glasser and legal director Burt Neuborne. Perhaps the most revealing is the one on religious liberty by Norman Redlich, a professor and dean at NYU's School of Law. What comes across in this essay is not so much an anti-religious attitude (which the ACLU will swear it does not have but which it most certainly does) as a sense of horror. It is as if Professor Redlich cannot believe that there are people who believe religion holds a firm place in American life; who do not object to young Americans exercising their right to pray in a classroom; who do not believe that a nativity scene erected each year on public property "epitomizes the gravity of the present danger" to the Constitution. With this book the ACLU has its say. But it displays a lack both of honor and of honesty that seriously undermines its case. To say, for example, that Gabriel García Márquez was "denied [a] visitor's visa" to the United States and fail at the same time to clarify that statement does not inspire a reader's trust, let alone admiration. (Márquez was offered a conditional visa, which he rejected.) Distortions like these, though, may be necessary if the ACLU's arguments are to be made credible. SUSAN T. VIGILANTE

The Great Evangelical Disaster, by Francis Schaeffer (Crossway, 192 pp., $7.95)

Francis A. Schaeffer, who died in May of this year in Rochester, Minnesota, would have liked to be a fundamentalist if he just didn't have to be *called* one. *Newsweek* labeled him "the guru of the evangelicals," but, in his last book, *The Great Evangelical Disaster*, he roasts them to a loving turn. The reason for his jeremiad is his belief that the evangelical leadership has fallen into a low and equivocal state as regards "making a difference" in today's world. Schaeffer charges the evangelicals with "failing to take a stand"; says they have a weak and compliant Christianity unworthy of the name. There should be a "balanced and loving confrontation," in the pattern of Christ, he says; and nowhere should the battle be more sharply joined than on the issue of abortion. On the other side, he writes, the fundamentalists have been so rigid and unloving that they, too, have given the non-Christian world a distorted picture of Biblical Christianity. He decries the fundamentalists' slim record of demonstrated social concern and reiterates a theme central to his life of writing and speaking—that Biblical, personal Christianity should transcend the compartments of life and permeate all aspects of living. The fields of art, music, business, and politics, he says, have been needlessly abandoned by Christians; thus worldlings dominate, and Christians cower. One has the clear impression, however, that if he had been obliged to choose between the fundamentalists or the evangelicals, he would have preferred the action, protest, and imprecatory prayers of the Joneses, Paisleys, and Falwells to the accommodation of the Peales and Grahams. Schaeffer puts a fine point on his argument in the concluding paragraphs of this book that, as it turns out, are also the concluding paragraphs of his life's work: "If the Christians in this country, and the evangelical leaders in particular, had been in Poland over the last few years instead of in the United States, would they have been on the side of confrontation or on the side of accommodation? . . . Accommodation leads to accommodation—which leads to accommodation. . ." JACK E. BUTTRAM

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WHAT'S THIS ABOUT IMPOSING VALUES?

NEW YORK, SEPT. 21

THE BORN-AGAIN sensitivity to the idea of "imposing" one's beliefs on others awakens sleepy libertarian blood. The anti-statist tradition in America, which is far more pronounced than the recently discovered neutrality-toward-religion tradition, is suddenly looking up over the coffin lid beneath which it has been buried all these years. *Time* magazine, in its roundup on the state-religion controversy, reports in its current issue: ". . . the usual reading of the First Amendment is that government and the President are supposed to be officially neutral about religion, neither aiding nor hindering it." That would astonish about 39 Presidents who forthrightly, in whatever stylistic variation, declared themselves and their country creatures of God, and it would certainly astonish the Congress that, in decreeing the Northwest Ordinance, made specific provisions for religious schools, and the Congresses that day after day bow their heads, however inattentively, while chaplains, paid by public funds, invoke God, frequently inattentive, to shed His blessings on their machinations.

But get this business about not imposing one's "religious" values on other people! Does that mean that when Martin Luther King Jr. asked for civil-rights laws that would forbid to Americans certain practices to which they had become accustomed, his counsel ought not to have been heeded because he spoke it from the pulpit, and most explicitly stared in the face of his God, and saw there smiling, divine acquiescence in his mission? Should Martin Luther King have caviled, that to the extent that his vision was illuminated by Biblical declarations having to do with the brotherhood of man, he would not wish to impose such visions on his fellow Americans? Should Abraham Lincoln, in order to satisfy the separationists, after the words, "As God gives us the light to see . . ." have interrupted his injunctions to charity and brotherhood to the extent that these impulses were generated in him by his belief in a divine order?

It is fascinating to see Democratic politicians suddenly so demure and withdrawn on the business of "imposing" values on others. I am not certain that I could walk from here to the street corner without observing some law that reflects somebody's values, and it makes very little difference to me that the legislator of those values promises that he has in no way been influenced by religion in arriving at those values. The reach of the values of the majority extends ever so far. And the notion that it is possible to separate those values that are inspired by religion from those that aren't is a challenge Sigmund Freud would not have accepted.

Not only does the prevailing, secularist ethos seek to impose values on dissenters, i.e., the minority, it does not hesitate to tax them for the privilege. I know of no Christian or Jew who wishes to require dissenters to bow their heads when readings from the Bible are given. But I know lots of Christians and Jews who in their secular lives not only ask us to bow our heads in deference to a whole lot of laws that govern everything from who gets to rent the spare apartment, to where and when our children are to go to school; involved in these decisions are highly explicated values, and get this, whereas all the religiously opposed values one hears about these days (e.g., prayer in the schools) don't cost the dissenting taxpayers a cent, I would guess that maybe half, maybe three-quarters, of the taxes paid by the minority go to finance state activity with which that minority is not in sympathy. And this is true whether we are talking about the conservative minority or the socialist minority.

YOU DO remember when (it still happens, here and there) the taxpayer in Yahama, Washington, or Freezefree, New Hampshire, announced that he would not pay that portion of his tax bill that went to subsidize that part of our military program with which he was not in sympathy? If every American were permitted to dissent actively from the imposition of values with which he disagrees, to the tune of relieving himself of the relevant tax burden, why, we would end up with something called "voluntary taxation." An idea gone with the wind.

Those who have suddenly discovered the iniquity in "imposing" their values on the minority are going to have to give up a way of life if suddenly they take themselves seriously. I'd rather bow my head and (tongue in cheek) recite prayers dictated to me by Fritz Mondale, than go to the bank every five minutes and draw out checks to a Mondale Administration to pay for programs that reflect his values. □

IS CANADA TALKING TO US?

NEW YORK, SEPT. 10

THE BIG event in Canada reminds us of a number of things, some gratifying, some sobering. The first of these is that in memory there has not been a more comprehensive indictment. This time, of the policies of a bright, flashy, socialist who, for a while, threatened to outlast Canada. Trudeaumania, they called it.

One wishes one could speak of the Canadian development as a clear ideological reorientation. The *Wall Street Journal*, ten days ago, said that a race between the Liberals' John Turner and the Conservatives' Brian Mulroney was on the order of a race in the United States between Walter Mondale and Lowell Weicker. The suggestion of a contest that agonizingly pointless takes some of the animation out of what happened: If Lowell Weicker were to beat Mondale for President, the only animation left among sound-minded people would be the amount necessary to buy tickets to go live in Brazil till the madness was over. One clings, therefore, to a belief that Mulroney's me-tooism notwithstanding, the vote was more merely than a repudiation of Trudeau, that the Canadians are tired of the unemployment, inflation, and industrial sclerosis associated with the socialist policies of the Liberals.

But note now two things. The first is that the seats won by the Conservatives number 211. The Liberals won only forty, the New Democratic Party, thirty. If you combine the opposition, you have a conservative majority of 75 to 25 per cent. If you compare only the Conservatives and the Liberals, the winning margin is 75 to 14. Anything more decisive than that would suggest a Bolshevik or Mexican election.

But then, hear this. After Pierre Trudeau stepped down and John Turner became

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the interim prime minister, the polls put the Liberals ten points above the Conservatives. That means that during an eight-week campaign the Conservatives went from ten-point underdogs to fifty-point winners. During the campaign, in other words, they moved the electorate by an incredible sixty points.

The figure brings us home. On television last Sunday Senator Dole was asked why he was not taking a Republican victory in November for granted. He replied that in 1976, when he left Kansas City as the vice presidential nominee of the Republican Party, the Ford-Dole ticket was "25 to thirty points behind" in the contest against Carter-Mondale, the Democratic challengers. Notwithstanding that huge spread, Carter won the election by less than one point. The volatility of the voter had seldom been more clearly expressed—until in Canada last Tuesday.

All of which reminds one that in Canada when they speak of a victory for this party or that party they speak of a comprehensive victory. There you get not only a prime minister, but also a parliament. Here we tend to divide power. Right now the Democrats control the House of Representatives by one hundred votes (267 to 166). The Republicans control the Senate by ten votes. Even so, we speak glibly about the crushing "Republican" lead in the polls. That lead, and forget for a moment the factor of volatility, is confined to the men who are running for President and Vice President. There is very little comfort, in that figure, for those who seek thoroughgoing reform and know that such a thing cannot happen in the absence of a congressional victory; or if not that, a clear coalition between conservative Democrats and Republicans.

It is for that reason perplexing that Mr. Reagan has not, in his recent speeches, stressed the all-important point of the need for comprehensive action by the voters. No doubt he is being told by some of his advisors to ignore Congress, where appropriate. That tendency is seen everywhere in American politics. Sometimes a candidate will run without even mentioning the party with which he is affiliated, the idea being not to invite onto his shoulders any neighborhood animosity to someone running on the same ticket. If John is certain of Jane's loyalty to him, but has reason to know that Jane is not fond of Harry, then John is easily persuaded that mentioning Harry as a member of his party is not the way to ensure that Jane will stay loyal.

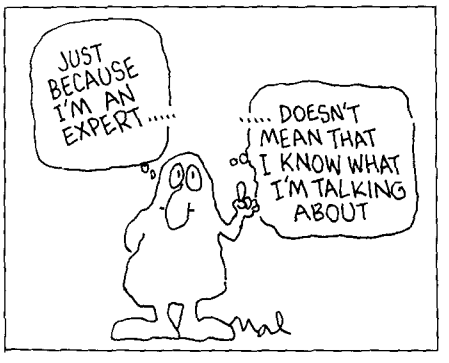
In the next few weeks, Mr. Reagan will need to give most serious thought to the question: Why is he running for a second term? There would be reason to do so if only to exercise veto power on a rampant Democratic Congress. But the alternative is to think big, think Canadian: and ask the voters to give him the kind of help that would permit him to do to the country one-half of what Mr. Mondale and Mrs. Ferraro accuse him of wanting to do. □

BREACHING CHURCH-STATE AT TACONIC

NEW YORK, SEPT. 24

AT EXACTLY the hour when Governor Mario Cuomo appeared before his audience at Notre Dame to lay out more strings of barbed wire along the wall that he wishes would separate church and state, a black minister, the Reverend Matthew Adams, began the proceedings at the Taconic Correctional Facility in Bedford Hills, New York, which houses a few hundred embezzlers, drug merchants, thieves, armed robbers, rapists, and murderers. It was the culmination of a two-week journey into Christendom conducted by twenty-odd volunteers associated with Prison Fellowship. Approximately 150 of the inmates had signed up for the exercises, and today, the day of graduation, they would receive certificates of discipleship handed out by the Fellowship's founder and president, who would then address the prisoners.

Chuck Colson was briefly introduced by a visitor who remarked that he had first met Colson in the White House in 1972, and had not realized that, at the White House at that time, he was mingling with approximately the same density of felons as, at that moment, at the Taconic Correctional Facility. During those days Chuck Colson spent more time than perhaps any other human being in the company of Richard Nixon, pursuing political ends. And, indeed, before it was all over, the President had been ousted, and 27 men were sent to jail. It was sometime during his experience with jail that Colson decided—though it was not, he insists, his decision: He was dragged "kicking and screaming" by Providence—to alter his life, which had been that of a high-paid, high-swinging Washington lawyer. And for more than ten years he has devoted himself to the problem of prisoners, agitating for fundamental reforms that would distinguish between felons who threaten society with violence, and others who are there merely to be punished, or rehabilitated. Crucial to an understanding of Colson's mission is that prisoners do not reform unless they are brought to look at life differently from how they used to do, and this is where God comes in.



A volunteer sang a hymn. The Reverend Alan Chambers, a senior assistant to Colson, who had done time in a penitentiary in Ohio for robbing banks, read out the names of those who had pursued the course of studies, and, one by one, up they came: whites, blacks, Hispanics, young, middle-aged, and elderly. To each of them, Colson extended the certificate, and said, a smile on his face, "God bless you." There were more than one hundred certificates handed out, to more than one-third of the prison population.

COLSON THEN spoke for a half-hour and recounted the altered view he had got of life while in prison. And he reminded his listeners that, in the Bible, Jesus guaranteed to only a single person that that day, they would be joined in Paradise—and that had been to the thief who hung on the cross beside him at Golgotha. Christ was innocent of wrongdoing, the prisoners at Taconic are not: But, Colson said, a change in the way of looking on one's fellow men is crucial to rebirth. Colson had forced himself, while at the prison he so detested, every night to pray for the warden. "Sometimes I prayed he would be transferred." But there grew in him a determination to love his neighbor in thought and deed, and to the extent he failed in this—and he would always fail, up against the highest standards—he was a sinner. Addressing sinners. Inside the walls of that penitentiary, and outside its walls.

At the end there was a joint prayer, and by the dozens the prisoners surrounded Colson and the volunteers, sometimes volubly, more often silently, to seek out corporal, or intellectual, touch with someone outside that prison life, and its suspicion, and contempt, and cynicism, and violence.

The visitor thought, on leaving the premises. Great God! Is what just happened constitutional? These are public facilities. The guards standing about the meeting room are on the public payroll. Granted, the prisoners who had signed up were volunteers, but so it is proposed that schoolchildren who join in common prayer be volunteers, under the normal direction of their parents. Will someone one day hand Charles Colson a summons, for engaging in unlawful activity? If so, the reenactment of the events in Jerusalem two thousand years ago becomes nearly letter-perfect. □

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

Clifford Irving on the Famous Faker

Within a [very] few weeks the easel was set up in the studio off the bedroom and Elmyr was at work, soft brown eyes aglow, painting brightly colored landscapes and portraits of his friends. Finishing each one, he signed it, as if in final compromise with the many pseudonyms of his life, Elmyr.

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. City in southern Ontario — 47 92 106 123 29 18 137 112

B. Influenced — 49 77 128 135 3 69 113 94

C. Lunatics — 58 104 12 157 81 40

D. South American capital — 68 152 43 20 100 80 55 144 33 139

E. A Northwestern state — 27 50 73 87 7 159

F. A Southern state (2 words) — 91 67 24 153 34 120 158 38 79 134 / 102 13 111

G. City in southern Virginia — 75 109 26 63 146 85 96 48

H. Animal that eats everything — 107 1 93 42 114 21 62 126

I. Zero — 52 132 17 32 72 141

J. Citizen of the capital of Indonesia (var.) — 78 64 25 129 2 44 39 150

K. A bit flat? (2 words) — 14 82 65 56 155 117

L. Overacted at the meat counter? — 19 74 110 124 51 101

M. Fairly modern (colloq.) — 119 142 90 59 36 10

N. Town in South Carolina — 138 76 9 145 53 86

O. 21st President (full name) — 95 121 30 125 46 57 105 4 156 147 / 70 23 116

P. Pester — 149 103 130 89 15

Q. A pine of the Southern U.S. — 127 22 133 54 45 5 84 151

R. Overbearing — 148 118 41 99 122 11 60 131 71 31

S. Different — 16 136 154 35 66

T. Improvement, economically speaking — 83 37 98 8 108 140

U. At no place — 143 97 28 6 115 88 61

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 64 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

					1 H	2 J		3 B	4 O	5 Q	6 U	7 E	8 T	9 N		
10 M	11 R	12 C		13 F	14 K		15 P	16 S	17 I	18 A	19 L		20 D	21 H		
22 Q	23 O	24 F		25 J	26 G	27 E	28 U	29 A	30 O	31 R	32 I	33 D		34 F	35 S	
	36 M	37 T	38 F	39 J	40 C	41 R		42 H	43 D	44 J	45 Q		46 O	47 A	48 G	
	49 B	50 E	51 L	52 I	53 N		54 Q	55 D	56 K	57 O		58 C	59 M	60 R	61 U	
62 H	63 G	64 J		65 K	66 S	67 F	68 D		69 B	70 O	71 R		72 I	73 E	74 L	
75 G		76 N	77 B		78 J	79 F	80 D	81 C		82 K	83 T	84 Q	85 G	86 N		
87 E	88 U	89 P	90 M	91 F		92 A	93 H	94 B		95 O	96 G	97 U	98 T	99R	100D	
101L		102F	103P		104C	105O	106A	107H	108T		109G		110L	111F	112A	
	113B	114H	115U	116O	117K		118R	119M	120F	121O		122R	123A	124L	125O	
126H	127Q	128B		129J	130P	131R		132I	133Q	134F	135B		136S	137A		
138N	139D	140T	141I	142M	143U	144D		145N	146G	147O	148R		149P	150J	151Q	
	152D	153F	154S	155K	156O		157C	158F	159E							

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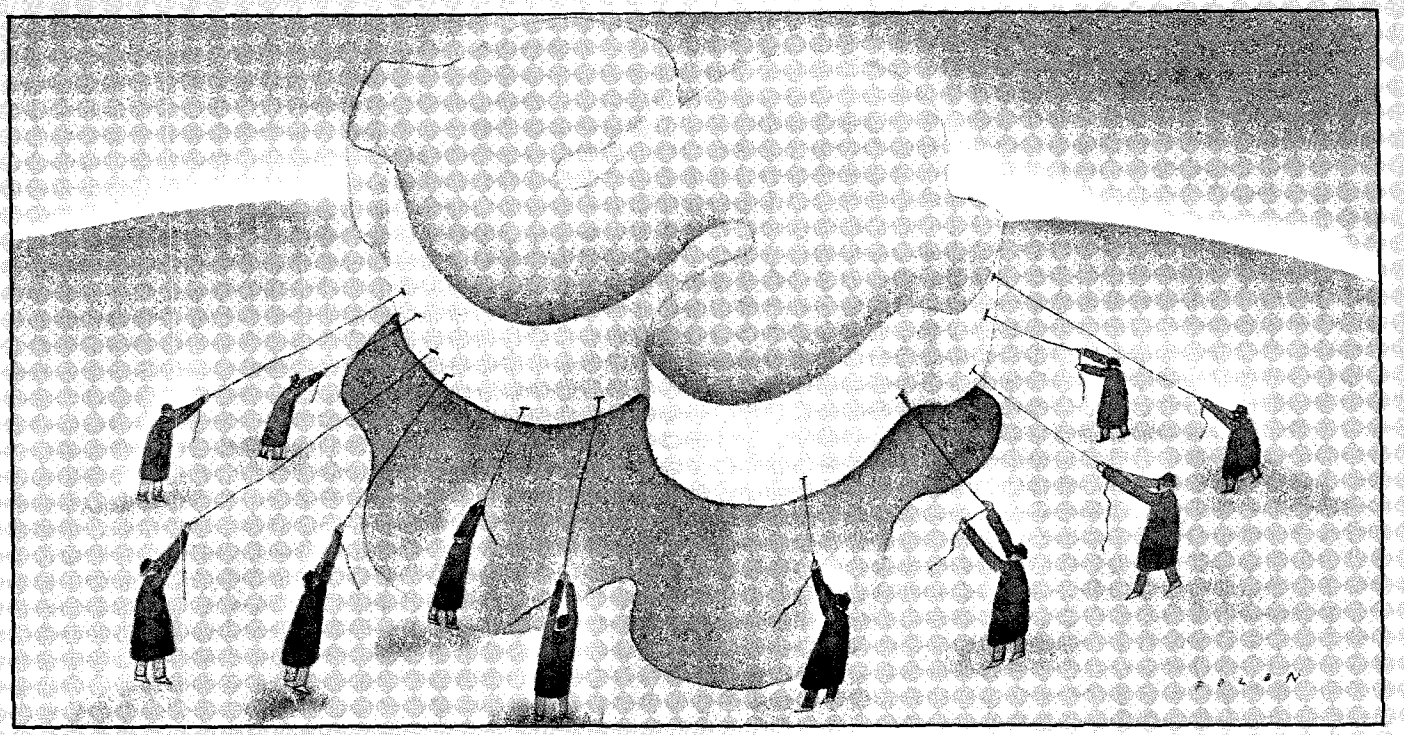

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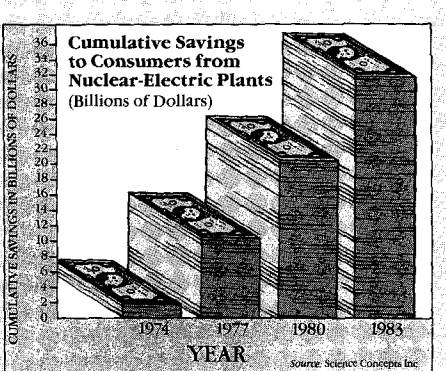
Nuclear power plants cost more to build but much less to fuel than power plants burning coal, oil, or natural gas. That's because 1) nuclear plants need relatively small amounts of uranium because of its high energy content, and 2) uranium is a lot less expensive than the fossil fuels it would take to produce an equal amount of energy.

There are 85 nuclear power plants operating in 28 states. These plants have saved American consumers more than $30 billion over the last ten years, compared to what the electricity would have cost coming from coal and oil.

Even the nuclear power plants now being built, which are more expensive because of higher construction costs, can save money compared to the fossil-fuel alternatives. The U.S. Congress's Office of Technology Assessment makes this estimate: A new nuclear plant will save consumers at least $3.5 to $5 billion over the next 30 years, compared to what the electricity would cost from an oil-fired plant. In the long run, "electricity ratepayers would be better off" with the nuclear plant.

Nuclear power is cheaper energy for tomorrow

After a while, a nuclear plant's lower fuel cost more than makes up for its higher cost of construction.



This graph shows how much money has been saved over the past 10 years by using nuclear power. If the nuclear-generated electricity had come instead from coal-fired and oil-fired power plants (75% coal and 25% oil), then America's electric bill would have been more than $30 billion higher. And the nuclear plants now operating will continue to save $4 to $6 billion annually.

Critics of nuclear power point to the relatively high price of electricity from a new plant's early years of operation, as the cost of construction is being paid for. But they ignore the cumulative savings a typical nuclear plant provides to ratepayers over its full operating life. Nor do they mention the proven savings of the plants already on line.

"On the basis of sheer economics, nuclear power can still be a bargain for virtually every region in the country," says Peter Navarro, energy researcher, Harvard University, and author of *The Policy Game*.

New fuels and technologies may one day play a bigger role in America's electric system. But realistically, they'll still be only part of a full team of national energy resources. With coal and nuclear energy as principal players, that team will be able to do its job, efficiently and economically, for many generations to come.

For a free booklet on the electrical future of America, write to the U.S. Committee for Energy Awareness, P.O. Box 37012 (E10), Washington, D.C. 20013. Please allow 6-8 weeks for delivery.

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